

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,319, Vol. 89.

7 April, 1900.

6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	413	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		The Royal Society of British Artists	424	English Art and the Paris Exhibition.	
Ireland Revisited	416	Scottish Assurance	426	By Philip Treherne	428
The Delagoa Bay Award	417	CORRESPONDENCE:		REVIEWS:	
The Progress of the War	418	The Devil's Advocate. By Grey Scout		Mr. Lang on his Native Heath	429
The Child and the Man	418	and the Rev. Canon MacColl	427	Books of Travel and Sport	430
The Governorship of Sandhurst	419	Rudyard Kiplingism. By J. J. Comerford	427	County Notes	431
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		The Colonies and the Royal Arms. By		Buddha's Dialogues	431
"L'Exposition!"	420	Montgomery Carmichael	428	Verse Books	432
The Literature of University Rowing	421	Pro-Boer or Anti-British? By C. W.		Dr. Barry's New Novel and Others	432
The Impending Opera	422	Vincent	428	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	433
Acting Good and Evil	424	The Bishop of Worcester and Prayers		THE APRIL REVIEWS	433
		for the Dead	428	FRENCH LITERATURE	434

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Roberts' recent telegrams from Bloemfontein, though they do not disclose any essential change in the situation, show the Boers resuming rather unexpectedly their activity to the north of Bloemfontein, and the commandoes of Grobler, Lemuer and Olivier which had made good their retreat from the South by Ladybrand operating vigorously on the East. In an action on 29 March near Karee Siding Station, a few miles south of Brandfort, the Boers were driven from the kopjes they had occupied back on to Brandfort. On 30 March Colonel Broadwood in command of the garrison at Thaba Nchu, thirty-eight miles east of Bloemfontein, on the approach of two forces of the enemy from the North and East, retired to the Waterworks seventeen miles nearer Bloemfontein and he encamped there at four o'clock on the morning of the 31st. At dawn he was shelled by the enemy and attacked on three sides. The batteries and baggage which he sent off towards Bloemfontein found themselves in a drift two miles from the Waterworks where a force of Boers were concealed and had not been discovered by the leading scouts who had previously passed over the drift. Seven guns and all the baggage were lost. The casualties are estimated at about 350 including over 200 missing. These comprise the losses in the spruit and the fighting which took place in the retreat up to Bosman's Kop where the remnant of Colonel Broadwood's column halted. In the afternoon on the same day it was reinforced by the cavalry brigades under General French and the 9th Division. The enemy are supposed to be 8,000 or 10,000 strong and they now hold the Waterworks and the line of kopjes behind them.

The Prince of Wales has had a narrow escape from death at the hands of one of those wretched creatures whose weak brains are upset in times of excitement about public events. The youth Sipido had the misfortune to live in Brussels, Dr. Leyds' headquarters, and it is unnecessary to point out that stronger heads than Sipido's have succumbed in Brussels as in other places to the black arts of the Doctor and been transformed into something in various degrees resembling Sipido. A similar risk would have been incurred by the Prince in any other European capital; and the Brussels outrage has no other significance than that already mentioned. We have our Sipidos here; and the Queen

herself has several times been in peril through them. Ireland is certainly not free from this kind of lunatic and the occurrence at Brussels is precisely the sort of "suggestion" to this type of the insane which produces imitations. The assassinations of the late Empress of Austria and the President of the French Republic are cases in point. The Prince has most happily escaped, and it is natural to wish not to make too much of the matter. Unfortunately, it throws forward as well as backward. This kind of thing is unquestionably infectious; and one cannot shut his eyes to the opportunity the Paris Exhibition would afford to minds mentally and morally diseased, excited and stimulated by Sipido's attempt. Ought the Prince to run the risk which would attend the fulfilment of his intention to visit Paris at Whitsuntide?

What exactly was the business of Count Adalbert Sternberg in South Africa? The Count was at one time an officer in the Austrian army: why did he quit the service of the Emperor? According to his own account, he was passed blindfolded from the Boer lines into our own, and he has been hospitably received in London, and very unnecessarily lionised by Unionist politicians. A favourable opinion of the British army appeared in connexion with his name in the "Times": but his real sentiments were embodied last Saturday in the "Gaulois," under the heading "England and the World." Count Sternberg is not himself a person of importance, but his views are, we believe, so commonly entertained by a large number of foreigners that it may be useful to reproduce a summary of them. It is always instructive to see ourselves as others see us.

"The invincibility of England," writes Count Sternberg to his French editor, "is a bluff, as will be seen as soon as anyone attacks her. This immense empire will tumble like a house of cards. . . . The English have great qualities. They are, above all, colonisers. But that does not warrant them in saying, 'Le monde, c'est moi.' And yet they say so. They treat everyone of another race as an inferior, as a barbarian. And they have dared to offend one European nation after another." After alluding to the unpopularity of the German Emperor in England a few years ago, the Count declares that what exasperated the French about the Fashoda affair was "not the thing itself, but the way in which it was done," and then he goes on: "For my own part I see very little difference between the Armenian question and the Dutch question in South Africa. What an effect was produced upon the heart of the English people by Turkish cruelty! And yet how superior to the

Armenians are the Boers!" England is untrue to her own traditions of liberty and independence, and this degeneracy is due to "the cosmopolitan plutocracy" which rules London and the Government.

"These people, eager to grow richer and richer, with hard hearts and callous consciences, care nothing for the sufferings of the soldiers and those they leave behind them. The Ministry, shaken in public opinion, wanted some theatrical effect to regain the confidence of the constituencies. Chamberlain, to save his own position and the fortunes of his friends, the shareholders, Rhodes, Werner Beit and Co., has brought cruelty and death into the midst of a calm and happy people, living tranquilly by their labour." All this we have heard before, but the remedy is new. "If England is allowed to annex this country without the intervention of Europe, whose colonies will be safe? If the whole world cannot prevent England from crushing it at her will, then the European nations are nothing but England's vassals." The grand cure is a Franco-German alliance, and a universal boycotting of English goods, for which "the Exhibition is a propitious moment." The United States, the greatest consumer of English goods, are to show their sympathy for the Boers by leading the boycott. We may smile at Count Sternberg's absurdities, but there is a moral in them, for they are the thoughts of a great many people on the Continent. After the war is over, British foreign policy ought to be one of reassurance.

Not in South Africa only are representatives of the Colonies doing much to cement the unity of the Empire. Not only in Parliament but at the Society of Arts, and the Canada and Australasian Clubs the question of Imperial Unity has this week been under discussion. The Federal delegates from Australia have come to London at what should prove a psychological moment. Hitherto there has been some objection to the use of the word Empire, as signifying conditions of rule not altogether compatible with Colonial autonomy, but Lord Strathcona has marked the rate at which we are moving by suggesting that Empire should now be used rather than Colonies. Sir Charles Dilke at the Society of Arts contended that Colonial self-government was not a discovery of the present century; literally he is correct, but there was a vast difference in the autonomy conferred on the American Colonies and that enjoyed by Canada, Australasia, and Cape Colony. There is clearly no danger of Imperial statesmanship, as Sir Charles Dilke seemed to fear, making any rash and ill-directed attempt to regularise Imperial relations. Imperial statesmen went too far a century and a quarter ago; they do not go far enough to-day.

Mr. Chamberlain must be careful. He has made his reputation as a political Strong Man; and if he loses that, he has not a Gladstone or a Balfour's reserve to fall back upon. Mr. Chamberlain will not hold his position in the country by such faltering, lame speeches as that he made on Tuesday on Mr. Hedderwick's motion that the Colonies should have direct representation in Parliament. Is he going to be as cowardly as others who have aroused the enthusiasm of the Colonies by talk about Imperial Federation and then when an opportunity for real business occurred took fright at their own boldness and could do nothing but invent sophistical excuses for running away? Our political Samson appears to be afraid of the Delilahs of Free Trade but still bold enough to deny his previous speeches on a Customs Union with the Colonies, lest he should be charged with being a Fair Trader. He deprecates abstract resolutions and talks of Mr. Gladstone's dislike of them. This was not the way he went about his work when he knew his own mind and had the courage of his opinions on such questions as workmen's compensation and old-age pensions. It was not reverence for Mr. Gladstone nor standing in terror of the Radicals that made him Colonial Secretary in a Tory Government. He had an opportunity on Tuesday for showing the Colonies that he had a policy on this question but he let it pass unused. Lost opportunities become fatal to a statesman's reputation.

If Mr. Hedderwick was satisfied with the discussion and Mr. Chamberlain was satisfied with satisfying him there will not be equal satisfaction in the Colonies. They are not fighting and spending money in the cause of the Empire merely for the gratification of hearing fine speeches in Parliament about their valour and the sacrifices they have made and are prepared to make. They desire a closer legal union with the Empire, and to share in its government. Statesmen in the position of Mr. Chamberlain should cease treating the difficulties of plans for this purpose as merely interesting constitutional puzzles and declaring complacently that the Colonies themselves have not made this or that proposal, and that therefore discussion would be premature. The Colonies are prepared for practical propositions which mean business and not sentiment about Imperial Federation, and they are not inclined to let I dare not wait upon I would, if they can only count upon statesmen with half their own courage and determination. Let English politicians cast off their old Whig traditions about the American Colonies, and taxation and tyranny, and with them the lumber of Free Trade, and look at these things with the eyes of the Colonials themselves.

Lord Rosebery has made speeches on the war and the Empire at Edinburgh. His connexion with the old Imperial Federation League was one of the means by which he obtained his popularity, and he "and his ex-colleague Mr. Chamberlain" whose speech he so heartily approved, have run a close race for popular applause as federation advocates. Perhaps when Mr. Chamberlain has had his attention drawn by Lord Rosebery himself to Lord Rosebery's antiquated position—that of the Imperial Federation League waiting for something to turn up—he may be struck with the absurdity of marking time in such a ridiculous fashion and get over the fright at the bare idea of "promulgating" anything which is too much for Lord Rosebery's nerves. Lord Rosebery had nothing new to say about the war but perhaps he had read General Galliffet's speech in the French Chamber when he spoke of the comfort and strength nations may derive from knowing that under the conditions of modern warfare the forces of defence are far greater than the forces of attack. This consideration is very precious to General Galliffet at least.

M. Delcassé the French Minister for Foreign Affairs and General de Galliffet the Minister for War have spoken in the Senate and the Chamber during the week on the relations of England and France. Count d'Aunay is quite mistaken in supposing any change has come over English feeling. We never needed converting to the view that rupture between France and England would be a misfortune for civilisation. The real danger lay in the possible weakness of the French Government and its inability to resist those rabid parties which, as M. Delcassé said, had chosen foreign questions with a view to overthrow the Republic; and which attributed to foreign Governments hostile projects which had never existed except in their own imagination. In characteristic French phrase M. Delcassé described the war party as the party that assumed the mask of patriotism as Tartuffe assumed the mask of virtue. France escaped the danger arising out of the Fashoda incident by refusing to adopt the idle bluster and loud threats of this party, and now M. Delcassé speaking of the Convention of 1899 can assert that if the amour propre of England obtained satisfaction, France obtained more considerable advantages from territorial extension and the welding together of its African Empire.

General de Galliffet speaking on the Colonial Army Bill, which transfers the Colonial Army from the Ministry of Marine to the Ministry for War, was preoccupied with the same idea as M. Delcassé; the alarm that has been raised in France as to invasion from England: the substitution, as he termed it, of the peril on the West for the peril on the East. This to him is a chimæra, as it is to M. Delcassé; but he says that as the General Staff has to study everything, the improbable as well as the probable, they had studied the question of invasion. The patriots may perhaps catch a glimpse of

the folly of their attitude towards England from the General's opinion that it is only by the union of the East and the West at the same time that the invasion of France is possible. The coast defences of France, Algeria and Tunis he believes to be sufficient for securing the arsenals and ports from all danger, and he is satisfied with the garrisons and the training of the artillery, though new batteries must be provided with "perfected guns of a surprising rapidity and precision;" he is evidently referring to the new quick-firing gun which he has mentioned before in several speeches. We may take M. Delcassé and General Galliffet's declarations as intended, in the language of the "Times" Paris correspondent, on another French matter, as attempts to stay the progress of "a contagious eruption which had broken out on the epidermis of the nation." It may be hoped it is not too deep-seated to be eradicated.

Reduced to its simple elements the Italian imbroglio which has been going on for over six weeks is not so difficult to understand. It is the old story of the ins and the outs whose dénouement leaves nobody a penny the worse or better except the Government that happens to be in. General Pelloux remains in office for the present. He has had to sacrifice the Public Safety Bill and he has succeeded in passing the amendments to the standing orders for the cutting down of opportunities of obstruction. The Public Safety Bill aimed at defining the powers of the Government in repressing dangerous associations as well as some forms of combination, and freedom of opinion which we are accustomed to consider with complacency. The Bill did not confer any new powers on the Government but as the Extremists object to what are always assumed to be the constitutional powers of the Government they naturally resisted any attempt to give them further sanction by legislation. All the parties, however hostile to each other they may be who had hopes of succeeding to the power of an overwhelmed Ministry, took advantage of the occasion and joined with the Extremists in opposition. It is not an uncommon parliamentary situation, but it has been marked in Italy by an outrageous license of word and act which is rare even in Parliamentary assemblies of the Latin races.

The announcement that Admiral Dewey would consent to stand for Democratic nominee for the Presidency was so improbable that most people refused to credit it until it was affirmed on indisputable authority. What can have prompted the extraordinary conduct of this "modern Nelson" is matter for conjecture. The most charitable suggestion is that he desires to make Mr. McKinley's election sure. The most probable is that he has allowed his head to be turned by popular adulation. It would be interesting to know in what fundamental principles of foreign policy he disagrees with the President. What is the view of the hero of Manila regarding the future of the Philippines? The fact is that the victories of the American forces were so lightly achieved that the extravagant laudation of the populace has led a worthy sailor grossly to overrate his personal importance and a few designing politicians are trying to make use of his name by fostering his vanity.

The hue of Lord Curzon's early resolution on Indian education seems to have been rather sicklied o'er by the necessity of addressing a convocation of Calcutta University in the language of encouragement. Presumably it is gratifying to the Babu to learn from his Chancellor that parallels exist in Western Universities to the defects and abuses of the Indo-Anglian system with its disregard of high ideals and its predominance of the commercial spirit. The graduate class will no doubt be flattered by the assurance that they are not worse than their European compeers and even more flattered by the view that the ennobling influence of Western learning is still confined to their own small body. To use the Viceroy's words "the topmost layer alone is affected. The process thus commenced can only be downward not upward; the surface must be saturated with dew before its moisture can percolate to the lower sociological strata." Metaphors are dangerous. One is tempted to ask what healthy crop was ever reared on dew? Irrigation to be

effective must reach the roots. It is no fault however of Lord Curzon if the process began at the wrong end. His practical policy promises better than his estimate of the present University products. It recognises the prior claim of Primary Education on the State and the obligation on those classes who seek the material advantages of an English education to contribute an increasing share of its expense.

When the Lord Chancellor, Lord Russell of Killowen and Lord James of Hereford, and to these is to be added Sir Edward Fry, are agreed that amendments in the law may be devised which will be effective in checking the corrupt system of illicit tipping and commission in businesses and professions, it would be little use saying no until experience has proved, if it does, the contrary. There is no doubt the Bill will become law before long. It has again passed the second reading in the House of Lords, in a form improved by criticism since last year. The Lord Chancellor used to be as doubtful about it as he was about the Companies Bills, but he appears to be now a zealous convert. Lord James thinks it is a triumph for what he has been waiting five and twenty years; for it is so long ago since he and the Recorder of London Mr. Russell Gurney brought in a Bill with the same object as the present one. But he lives in somewhat different times. We are not so afraid of touching the sacred ark of business, nor are business people themselves. Lord Russell's Bill is supported by an immense body of commercial opinion, trade protection societies, co-operative societies, and the Associated Chambers of Commerce; representing capital to the amount of many millions. They are getting tired of the competition that lands them into a morass of rascality and they call on the State to assist them in clambering out of it.

The Railways Bill which has now passed its second reading belongs to that class of industrial measures which embody almost without protest from any quarter the principle of the extension of State control. It applies to railways, which next to the merchant shipping trade include the most dangerous occupations of all, the provision of the Factory Acts for subjecting trades of a specially dangerous character to the control of a department of the State. The question of automatic couplings, though they might be imposed upon the companies if further experience by trial and experiment under the direction of the Board of Trade made this desirable, is left open. Power of experimenting generally in fact, where danger to life and limb is involved, is a valuable feature of the Bill. It is to be sent to a Standing Committee but the draft as it now stands is based on the Report of the recent Royal Commission, as sincere and careful a Commission as was ever appointed. The criticism in the House even from members whom one would hardly expect to be enthusiastic about the Bill was almost of a formal character with the exception of the remark by Mr. Tennant on the provisions for arbitration upon rules that may be made. This method has clearly been a delusion in other cases; but the railway servants have accepted it. In the Government's present Factory Bill this method has been abandoned in form but the substitute is unsatisfactory. We are glad with Mr. Lyttleton to be able to thank the Government for not having suspended the work of social legislation because of the war.

Experiments in legislation are interesting as showing the direction of certain currents of opinion though they may not have very much chance of being accepted at the time when they first make their appearance as Parliamentary Bills. Speedy success for the Wages Board Bill promoted by the Women's Trade Union League can hardly be expected, but its genesis is very natural, though one receives it with some surprise at first. Conciliation Boards of masters and workmen for agreeing upon rates of wages, time and piece work, minimum rates and so on are amongst the most satisfactory developments of industry but they are established only in the well-organised trades, not in those in which women are mostly employed; the sweated industries to use, their ill-omened name. It seems hopeless without State aid moving on the lines of the voluntary Conciliation Boards that these admirable

methods can be applied to the underpaid and unorganised masses of workers. The Wages Board Bill is the first attempt in this direction that has been made, and whatever its fortunes may be we are inclined to believe in its ultimate success.

As an object-lesson to strengthen the case against the reference provisions of the Government Factory Bill, the proceedings in the Match Trades arbitration, which came to a conclusion on Friday week, were entirely successful. What may have been the qualifications of Mr. Chester Jones to arbitrate on this or any other issue were not obvious before and certainly not after these proceedings. It would be interesting to know why this gentleman was selected for a position which many of the large army of barristers who have more brains than briefs could have filled very well. Mr. Jones' knowledge of his subject may be gauged by the extreme and disgusted surprise he manifested that legally protected female operatives could not be compelled to stay and sweep out the workrooms on Saturday afternoon after hours.

Even the Attorney-General was not at home in the subject, or he would never have suggested that the Chief Inspector's rule, providing one tap for every five persons, should be struck out in favour of "sufficient" washing accommodation. That is just the old formula which has led to such constant trouble in the past in various trades. We have seen for ourselves how badly "sufficient accommodation" works in the potteries. Sir Richard Webster's suggestion was a very natural one for a lawyer to make and in most circumstances it is better to leave a certain latitude. Unfortunately experience, the experience of the Chief Inspector whom the Attorney was representing, has shown that in the case of dangerous trades it simply is not safe to leave any latitude at all. That is where arbitration breaks down, it applies ordinary standards to extraordinary cases. And in this reference the operatives had the advantage of counsel, a boon of which the Government Bill purports to deprive them.

In Osman Pasha the Sultan has lost his greatest general and his most indomitable subject. The story of his career will be studied by Englishmen with peculiar interest at a time when Briton and Boer in the field are on a somewhat smaller scale emulating the prowess and the devotion shown by Russian and Turk twenty-two years ago. Beside Osman Pasha's defence of Plevna the defence of Ladysmith and Mafeking seem less Titanic than when looked at independently. If Osman was not able to render the maximum of service to Turkey, the fears of the Sultan and the jealousies of military ambition must be regarded as responsible.

A vague feeling of irritation and disappointment at recent events near Bloemfontein seems to have communicated itself to the operations of the Stock Exchange. Markets, which at the beginning of the week were steady and in the case of American rails strong, grew duller and duller as the settlement approached. As always happens when there is nothing to stimulate buying, dealers explain the absence of business by twaddling about the holidays. South African Mines have been neglected and easier, while on the other hand West Australians seem for the moment to be more in favour. In the American market the feature has been the demand for Baltimore and Ohio Preference and Ordinary which touched respectively 86½ and 89. On Thursday New York showed a disposition to take profits, with the result that on Friday prices here were below parity. Such a reaction after so marked an advance is a healthy condition. The remarkable firmness of copper shares at the beginning was not maintained, Rio Tintos falling from 60 to 50½ and Anacondas from 11½ to 10½. The rumours of a reconstruction of the Portuguese debt by a German house have naturally brought these usually despised bonds into notice again, and while the price is to-day 25½ to 26 people are beginning to remember that it is not so long ago since they were at 35. The call on "Khakis" due next week has brought in sellers, the premium being down to 1½. Consols have hovered all the week between 101½ and 101½, and close at the former figure.

IRELAND REVISITED.

FOR the third time in a reign of sixty-three years

Her Majesty has set foot on Irish soil. To the Queen herself this visit must have a significance peculiarly pathetic. The second occasion on which she entered Dublin was in company with the Prince Consort. It was one of the last great functions in which he bore a part, for hardly four months later he died, and even down a long vista of forty years the glance back must have painful memories for the central figure of Wednesday's pageant. As to that pageant itself nothing could exceed its outward success or its profound significance for those who would penetrate beneath the externals. Such a show was bound, when the people had once thrown their hearts into the proceedings, to surpass anything that our own capital could produce. As an Irish crowd is more emotional than an English crowd it is likely to make a better show of its feelings when demonstration is the thing desired. We have therefore not the smallest cause for doubting that it is absolutely correct that the Dublin holiday exceeded the London Jubilee as a popular manifestation and all our experience leads us to believe that the Irish decorations surpassed those of the English capital, for where the eye and taste have to be consulted he would be an audacious patriot indeed who claimed a high place for the predominant partner. But after all these are but the suits and trappings of loyalty and the question which every person concerned for the future of these realms must ask himself is what can we reasonably deduce from the splendid welcome accorded by the Irish people to their sovereign as to the relations likely to exist in future between Ireland and the Empire.

It would be a great mistake to ignore one remarkable feature in the demonstration and that is the refutation which it supplies to the slander which has found utterance from lips which it ill became that the Irish people were lacking in the generosity which forgives. It seems to have been assumed that because they have never forgiven Oliver Cromwell and have not received with effusion the concessions made from time to time by the British Parliament that therefore they are irresponsive to the touch of the higher emotions. If we are to judge of a race by its capacity for forgetting the past our own does not stand the test any better than the Irish. It is not very logical to taunt the Irish with not forgetting the appalling horrors of Drogheda while we still have our Guy Fawkes celebrations. At what Protestant or Orange meeting to-day is the record of Mary Tudor and her ministers allowed to repose undisturbed? It also shows a very poor appreciation of what is to be expected from such a being in such a world as the present, to demand a union of hearts and a Unionist majority in Ireland because an English politician finds it convenient to pass measures of reform for that island. It would be just as reasonable to quarrel with Englishmen because they did not return a Tory majority in 1868. There is no gratitude in politics because politicians as such rarely deserve it and Irishmen as parties to these transactions do not merit much keener disapprobation than other races. The profound miscalculation of statesmen lies in the endeavour to win over a clever and emotional people by political bargains. In cold-blooded business transactions the Irishman does not shine but he vibrates to the personal touch. He is therefore supreme in war—which is greatly a matter of personal magnetism. Ask any officer widely experienced in the field and he will admit that with officers they like there is no regiment that can perform the feats which an Irish regiment finds easy. This capacity for fighting is often combined with extraordinary rapidity of perception which is no gift of our own race. Hence the Irish soldier supplies the best material for a great general. The quickness of eye for a military situation is part of that cleverness which is peculiarly Irish, and, as a consequence, our best generals are and nearly always have been Irishmen. For political warfare the Irish have never been so happily equipped and it is partly our misfortune and partly the absence of tact which has led us always to approach Ireland from the political side. It is a delusion which dies hard (and the fact that it exists is no evidence of our own quickness of intellect), that the

mere possession of a parliamentary constitution should make all men good and happy. The Unionist sighs over the ingratitude of Ireland who does not sufficiently appreciate her blessings as a partner in the House of Commons, and the Home Ruler dreamed that when Ireland once had her own House of Commons life between us would be one peaceful idyll. It would be difficult to say which delusion is the more profound though it is easy to reason as to which is the more dangerous. No merely political arrangements will ever satisfy Irish aspirations. In France the conditions are much the same. The army is the real idol of her citizens, not their respectable but commonplace constitution. The appeal to Ireland is more easily made because it can be made wholly apart from politics. An hereditary monarch in this case has a standpoint infinitely higher than any elected figure-head. France has voluntarily stripped herself of all the institutions which have their roots in the past, but the British Sovereign can still appeal to the best traditions of all branches of the race. The worst episodes of Ireland's connexion with England took place under a usurper and not under the legitimate ruler. She will give to the Head of the State who stands above politics what she will never concede to the statesman. The recognition of Ireland as a powerful entity in the Empire, as the land whence come much of the talent and valour that goes to make the whole illustrious, will do much to smooth the path for the inevitable readjustment of Imperial relations. The feeling that in the past she has not had all her due is far from unreasonable. It pervades Unionist as widely as Nationalist circles. It would be as ungracious to comment on this sentiment as it would be unfair to ignore it, but the Queen's visit to-day calls forth the highest emotions of a sensitive race and in the dominance of this personal note must be sought the harmony of the future.

THE DELAGOA BAY AWARD.

STARTLED from their slumbers by Lord Salisbury's answer to a question in the House of Lords, and goaded by the reproaches of their own press, the Swiss arbitrators have at length published their award. That is to say, they have awarded the amount of compensation which they find to be due to the bond and shareholders of the Delagoa Bay Railway Company for the wrongful seizure of their property and the cancellation of their concession by the Portuguese Government in 1899. The reasons of the judgment, the facts and the inferences from the facts which led these eminent jurists to their decision, are to be published, we are told, "promptly," an adverb that is probably intended to cover another period of six months, for the legal lotos-eaters of Bern^e are, like the gods, "careless of mankind." Where there is no appeal, the reasons for an unjust decision might seem unimportant, as we do not suppose that anybody is curious to plumb the shallows of these three particular Swiss minds. But though there is no legal Court superior to the tribunal of arbitrators, the Governments of the United States and Great Britain might refuse to accept the award on the ground that it was against the weight of the evidence. The course is not without precedent, though it requires justification. It is not for the British or American Government to derogate from the authority of the tribunal, or to wound by defiance the principle of arbitration, unless the wrong done is clamant. The injustice done in this case, as will be seen from the figures below, is so gross as to seem wilful; and unless the Governments of Washington and S. James's mark their sense of displeasure in a striking way, the whole principle of settling international disputes by arbitration will be discredited. The two Governments could do this with the greater effect in this case, because no questions of international *amour propre* are involved. It is a question of the plain rights of individual citizens, a question of whether a Government is to be allowed to rob individuals of their property, and to be publicly rewarded for so doing. For these reasons we await the reasoned judgment of the arbitrators with something like impatience. We are

anxious to see what may be its effect upon the English and American Governments.

In seizing the line in 1889 the Portuguese Government committed a double wrong. It was provided in the concession that should the Portuguese Government be obliged to "re-occupy" the railway upon the failure of the contractor to fulfil his agreement, it should hold as a trustee, and put the line up to auction for the benefit of the company. Having made it impossible, by chicanery which need not detain us here, for the contractor to complete the line by the date, the Portuguese Government seized the railway, but, instead of putting it up to auction and handing the proceeds, less their royalty, to the company, they have kept it and worked it and pocketed the receipts ever since. The question referred to the tribunal was, not the wrongfulness of the seizure, that was admitted, but the amount of compensation to be paid. In other words, the British and American Governments, representing groups of their citizens, sued the Government of Portugal for damages for breach of contract. There is a well-known rule for assessing damages which applies to international as well as individual cases. When it is proved that the defendant has broken his contract, he has not only to put the plaintiff in as good a position as he was before the breach, but he has to pay him the profits which he would have made by the observance of the contract. The accrued loss sustained by the plaintiff is called by the Civilians the "*damnum emergens*;" the deprivation of potential profits is described by them as the "*lucrum cessans*." It is necessary to remind our readers of these points in order that they may appreciate the violence which the Swiss arbitrators have done to the recognised law of civilised nations. The debenture and share capital of the Delagoa Bay Railway Company is as follows: 1st debentures, £500,000 bearing interest at 7 per cent.; 2nd debentures £250,000 at 7 per cent.; ordinary shares, £500,000 (in 50,000 shares of £10): total £1,250,000. The term of the concession was ninety-nine years, but at the end of thirty-five years the Portuguese Government might expropriate the company by paying twenty years' purchase of the average profits for the preceding five years. After eleven years of unlawful possession and appropriation of receipts, whose net amount at present is over £56,000 a year, the Portuguese Government is condemned to pay £612,000 in satisfaction of all claims! It is less than the aggregate receipts with interest that the Portuguese have been putting into their pockets since they seized the line; while relatively to the 99 years' term of the concession its inadequacy "staggers humanity." Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. from June 1889 on this sum of £612,000 (we use round figures) is added to the award, making a total of £950,000, to be divided between the 1st and 2nd debenture-holders, "*selon leur rang*," by a scale of distribution to be fixed by "*les parties demanderes*," who are the British and American Governments. How the two Governments will arrange the scale between the two classes of bondholders we do not know. If the 1st debenture-holders were to get their "pound of flesh," i.e. their par value plus 7 per cent., the 2nd debentures would get nothing. If the 1st debentures take 5 per cent. interest, the 2nd debentures will lose all their interest and half their capital. And the shares? Not a word is said in the award about the shares, and not a penny is allotted to them. Thus the £10 shares, which in 1888, before the line was completed, were valued by the London Market at £22, and which Oyens and Blokland advised Mr. Kruger to buy at that date at £44, cannot now find a buyer at 6d.! We sometimes hear it said that these shares do not represent money put into the line, like the 1st debentures; they are merely "contractor's plunder." It is a true, but a very foolish remark. The shares in the Delagoa Bay railway, which were issued as fully-paid to the contractor, represent the potential profits of the line: they are entitled to the reversion: theirs is the "*lucrum cessans*." In estimating their value, not only the possible profits derivable from receipts have to be reckoned but also any adventitious enhancement they may derive from political considerations. In October 1888 Herr Blokland, and Mr. Oyens of the well-known Dutch firm of Labouchere and Oyens, wired to Mr

Kruger advising him to buy 25,000 of these £10 shares for the sum of £1,100,000, or £44 a share! Even the unsentimental stockbroker of Capel Court valued them at £22: and the Swiss triumvirate value them at not so much as a farthing! Luckily we need not trouble ourselves to find a measure of value for the line: a scale of expropriation is provided by the concession, which all the parties admit to be a fair one. If the Portuguese Government desires to expropriate the company at the end of thirty-five years it has to pay twenty times the average net earnings of the preceding five years. The Swiss experts employed by the tribunal calculate that in 1906 the Delagoa Bay line would be earning per annum 3,000,000*l.* or £120,000 net. Multiply that figure by 20 and you get as the expropriation value in 1918 of the line at that date 60,000,000*l.* or £2,400,000, exactly four times the amount of the award. The British and American claimants contend logically enough that you must not stop at 1906, and that if you carry the experts' valuation beyond that year by an annual rise of 10 per cent. in profits, the expropriation value in 1918 of the line works out at £7,868,188 or even £10,490,917, according to one set of figures. Upon the basis of the Swiss experts the effect of the award is to put £1,450,000 into the pockets of the Portuguese Government as the reward of confiscation. The arbitrators are not corrupt: they are only ignorant, narrow-minded provincials, unaccustomed to handle large figures. And this would make the coincidence all the more remarkable, if, as is credibly reported, the Portuguese Government happens at this very moment to have in hand the exact sum, no more nor less, to satisfy the claims under the award.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE war news of the past week is far from being satisfactory. There seems little doubt that the Free State will not succumb as easily as had been anticipated, and it appears that where our troops have left a neighbourhood, the inhabitants in many cases have returned to fight. The worst feature in the events of the last few days is the moral effect which they are likely to produce. Fresh energy will be infused into the Boer ranks. But one good result may at least be the outcome. A large force of the enemy may be tempted to concentrate, and thus afford Lord Roberts an opportunity of dealing them a more serious blow than has hitherto been possible.

On 30 March Lord Roberts telegraphed that, owing to the increased activity of the enemy and the hostility displayed to their brethren who had surrendered, it was necessary to drive them from their positions near Karee Siding. The operation was successfully carried out by General Tucker's division and two cavalry brigades under General French with the result that the enemy retreated to Brandfort. But while affairs were thus progressing well in the North, a different tale came from the West. It will be remembered that a force, consisting mainly of mounted troops, had been pushed to Thaba Nchu—38 miles east of Bloemfontein. On the 30th news reached Colonel Broadwood the officer in command—that the enemy was approaching from the North and from the East. Thereupon he sent back word to Lord Roberts that if his information was correct, he might have to retire on the Waterworks—17 miles nearer Bloemfontein. This, should it become necessary, he was authorised to do by Lord Roberts, and he was also informed that the 9th Division and some mounted infantry would march at daybreak on the 31st to his support. During the night, Colonel Broadwood moved on the Waterworks and there bivouacked. At dawn however he was attacked on three sides, and subjected to a heavy shell fire. Fearful—and with good cause—for the safety of his force, he hurried back his two horse batteries and baggage in the direction of Bloemfontein. Some two miles away from the Waterworks in question, the road to Bloemfontein crosses a spruit. During the previous night a party of Boers had there concealed themselves. Their ambush was admirably arranged. So well indeed were they hidden, that the leading scouts of the convoy passed over the spruit without noticing

their presence. In fact it was not until guns and waggons were actually crossing that firing commenced. Then ensued a scene of terrible confusion. Many of the drivers and artillery horses were at once shot down at short ranges, U Battery was surrounded without a shot being fired, officers and men were taken prisoners, and seven guns were captured. The remainder—covered by Roberts' Horse—galloped away. But the plight of the force might even have been worse had not another passage, unoccupied by the enemy, been found over the spruit. At this point the force crossed with great steadiness. The surprise had been complete, but heroic efforts were made to retrieve the disaster. Q battery remained in action for some hours under a cross-fire at 1,200 yards, and the casualties were so great that the officers themselves performed the work of gunners. The losses on our side were 350 men and seven guns. Colonel Broadwood's whole force consisted of the household cavalry, the 10th Hussars, two horse-artillery batteries, and some mounted infantry. Meanwhile Lord Roberts, hearing that Colonel Broadwood was hard pressed, ordered up General French with two cavalry brigades and the 9th Division. It is said that the Boer force numbered from 8,000 to 10,000 men. Throughout the gallantry displayed by our troops was beyond praise; but some questions require an answer. Why had not the route been adequately reconnoitred, and why was the spruit thus confidently entered? In spite of the reinforcements sent up, the Boers have been able to carry off the guns and waggons, and the Bloemfontein Waterworks are in their hands. Though the latter is not the sole water supply of the town, its possession by the enemy must cause considerable inconvenience—if nothing worse. A body of the enemy is now said to be threatening Lord Roberts' communications between Bloemfontein and Springfontein. But General Gatacre is preparing to cope with all such efforts. It is to be hoped that the Boers will now be tempted to advance in large numbers into the open, and so afford Lord Roberts the opportunity which he looks for. From the West there is little news. The permanent bridge at Modder River station has been repaired, and is now available for railway traffic. Mafeking is still bravely holding out, and it is said that Colonel Baden-Powell has been informed that he must continue to do so till the end of May. Reports are to hand of a daring attempt by Colonel Plumer to cut the Boer communications. The 8th Division is to land at Capetown. But its destination is as yet unknown. Sir Frederick Carrington is to make his descent on the Transvaal from Rhodesia, and the Beira route has been selected. Presumably his force will consist mainly of irregulars. No better man for such a task could have been selected.

It seems plain that we must resign ourselves to a longer struggle than we have recently been led to anticipate. Undoubtedly we have to face in the Boers magnificent troops—finer indeed than any we could encounter in European armies. One thing at least about them is remarkable. They combine in an eminent degree two qualities which are rarely found together—dash and caution.

THE CHILD AND THE MAN.

MOST people are fond of their country; most people are fond of children; and this fondness they show by sublime indifference to that which most concerns children and therefore most concerns the country. For the essence of a country is its men and women more than its territory, and, hard as it may be for some in this day to conceive, even more than its money. And the man, as we all know, is the son of the boy, and presumably the woman is daughter of the girl. And yet not one in a thousand cares one rap what goes on in the schools where the children are making the men and women to come, or should be making men and women. There perhaps lies the excuse and the explanation of this paradox of indifference. The public does not see that the children turned out by the schools are much affected by what they learn; they have ceased to connect education with "bringing up;" they have voted the educationist a bore and a pedant, as ignorant of human nature as learned in education.

Boys and girls might be attractive enough, but standards, specific subjects, class subjects, grants, and codes are entirely the reverse, nor could they find any real connexion between the two. And the more the code was in evidence but the child in obscurity, the less they cared for the schools. No one who has honestly studied and followed the course of elementary education in this country since the passing of Mr. Forster's Act can possibly deny that such a process in the public mind is extremely intelligible. In truth it is not strange that the ordinary citizen should take no interest in the machinery of education to which this country has hitherto been condemned. Indeed, very many educationists, too truly such to pose under the name, have long had grave misgivings as to the outcome of the country's efforts in elementary teaching. They who argue *a priori* as to products from the excellence and abundance of the machinery are of course entirely satisfied. But the best minds amongst us in common with the public are not satisfied with that easy illusion. They have been working for long towards a conclusion which finds an expression in the day-school code for this year. This conclusion at any rate the public should try to master, for they will find it to endorse the view which by a kind of instinct they have long entertained themselves.

The root fact of education is this: that it is the culture of a growth not the manufacture of an article. To educate a child is to enable him to develop all his faculties to the uttermost; it is to put him in a position to act for himself. In such a process instruction, the imparting of specific information, is quite a small point; it is hardly a necessary element in the process at all. As a logician would say, it is merely an inseparable accident. Children cannot think in the abstract, indeed but extremely few men can, so a medium for thought must be provided; what this medium shall be is of some account, but quite subsidiary; for very many branches of knowledge will serve equally well; but none will serve at all if its acquisition is treated as an end in itself. In other words, for a boy or girl to be well informed is nothing; for them to be able to think for themselves is everything. Life will never fail to provide matter for their minds to assimilate, but it will fail lamentably in fitting their minds to assimilate what it does provide. If the mind is not thus rightly disposed early in life, it attains the right way in later years only with great difficulty, and generally not at all: therefore the important thing is not *what* a child is taught, but *how* he is taught and *who* teaches him.

We are loth to labour these general propositions which to anyone who thinks will sound as sententious truisms, but as the average man does not think at all and the average cultivated man does not think of education, we may be excused for insisting on first principles before stating the special case of working-class schools. What are the peculiar conditions of elementary education? That the children leave school at about thirteen; that they come from a stock untrained intellectually and from school go into and remain in unintellectual surroundings; that to them even more than to other children persons are everything and abstractions nothing. Clearly, then, elementary teaching should hinge on the teacher, who should be left a very free hand. Training must be everything; it must be simple and deep laid to withstand subsequent adverse conditions, which will inevitably efface all but the deepest impressions. Information must be kept within severely restricted limits so that one set of facts may not oust another, or what is as bad, be mingled in confusion. And how did our system answer to these conditions? The teacher has been reduced almost to a machine setting other and most complicated machinery to work. One test and in practice one test only of a school's efficiency has been recognised, the amount it earns by way of grant. And the possibilities in the way of grant earning have been most carefully adjusted to ensure the maximum of mere instruction, the cramming of children with the *disiecta membra* of numberless arts and sciences, and the minimum of training, or in fact teaching. Not much could be earned by the school being generally good, that is, healthy in tone, such that a competent inspector can see that the children as a whole

are getting on, that their faculties are "shaping," also their character. So it did not pay the teacher to waste much pains on the fixed grant; he gave his attention rather to cramming the children with enough facts of two "class subjects" to pass muster with the inspector, and so earn 2s. a head more. But even thus enough money would not be made. "Specific subjects" must be exploited; that is to say, the most precocious children must be urged to "take" some special subject and cram it up individually; it might be navigation, animal physiology, Latin, mensuration or what not; and for every child who gives so many hours to his subject, so much more fee is earned. The condition of the "specific" children's heads on their leaving school may be gauged by the fact long observed and deplored by educationists that the first thing they do on going out into the world is to forget all they learnt. It would be difficult to imagine a system more uneducational in general, or more unsuited to the conditions of elementary education in particular. There is something almost revolting in the hypocrisy which goes about prating of "advanced," and "higher" schools, merely because they contain an unusually large proportion of the hapless children condemned to cram "advanced subjects" in order to earn more grant. Even to speak of higher education in connexion with children who leave school at thirteen is a farce. And at last the Education Department has taken heart to give effect to its long-cherished convictions and has swept away all this trifling with the schools. For the future "specific" and "class subjects" will be nothing and the general condition of the school will be everything. The inducement to cram, to superficial acquaintance with many things and knowledge of nothing, will be gone. The teacher will be left free to develop his school largely on his own lines, knowing that no precocity can compensate for general deficiency, and that all-round excellence will not be penalised by the absence of "stars." The course of instruction is made more elastic in the new code; yet not in our opinion elastic enough. The point of the reform is that elementary education is now made to hinge on persons, on the teacher and the inspector, and the reform should have been whole-hearted. Trust teachers and inspectors unreservedly and you will get out of them the best work. If it is asked, But suppose they are not trustworthy? If teachers and inspectors are bad, no system and no department can do any good. There is no problem in elementary education but one; how to get the best inspectors and the best teachers; and in a teacher as in an inspector, it is not his technical qualities that are the most important.

We hope most earnestly and deeply that the Government will uphold the new code in its spirit to the uttermost. The opposition of the machinist school of educationists, with whom we see (and see with real regret) the "Speaker" has ranged itself, the Government can afford to meet without compromise, for if the public can ever be made to understand this issue they will certainly be on the side of the New Code.

THE GOVERNORSHIP OF SANDHURST.

OUR military educational establishments are severely handicapped owing amongst other things to the extraordinary powers entrusted to their Governors, many of whom are not possessed of the slightest knowledge of educational matters, though they have no doubt earned their well-paid and very easy positions by many years of honourable service in the field. The Ecole de Saint-Cyr and the Ecole Polytechnique in France, the Military Academy in Moscow, the artillery cavalry and infantry schools of Germany are all governed by generals chosen for their scientific and technical merits at an age when they are still capable of yielding a maximum of work. Our military schools, on the other hand, notably Sandhurst, have afforded a haven of rest, a "*bâton de maréchal*" to superior officers unfit for active service, who know that the governorship is the last stage of their career.

Consider the present Governor and Assistant-Commandant the Royal Military College. Sir Edwin Markham is a gunner and is the first artillery officer

ever appointed as head of a school of cavalry and infantry. His term of office as Director-General of Ordnance had not expired, when for some mysterious reason he was transferred to Sandhurst, there to serve during the eighteen months that he was entitled to spend at the Ordnance Department. This extraordinary arrangement gave rise to much speculation and naturally caused much indignation among cavalry and infantry candidates for one of the "plums of the service," who chafed at seeing a gunner, already holding a lucrative staff appointment, removed from it for reasons unknown and sent to Sandhurst against the unwritten law which holds that Woolwich should always be governed by gunners and Sandhurst by horse or foot soldiers. Though bitterly disappointed, these candidates consoled themselves with the thought that Sir Edwin would only hold office for eighteen months, at whose expiration their respective claims would be duly considered. Such it appears is not to be the case, for we believe that his appointment is about to be or has actually been extended for a further period of three years. Given the unusual circumstances attending the appointment of Sir Edwin Markham to the Governorship of Sandhurst, a post for which he was surely not pre-eminently fitted as an artillery officer; given the fact that at the time he had still eighteen months to serve as Director-General of Ordnance, and finally given the fact that his short tenure of office has not produced such marvellous results as alone could justify his extension of three years' service to the detriment of many deserving and highly qualified Generals without active employment, we are entitled to know and it is our intention to elicit the reasons which have brought about this very strange state of affairs. We claim that at a moment when every man in the country is painfully aware of the shortcomings of our system of military education, the Governorship of a College where over three hundred British officers are trained every year should not merely provide an armchair for invalids or a "quid pro quo" to meet certain hidden exigencies of the service. We want to know if Sir Edwin Markham was a competent Director General of Ordnance, and, if so, why he was not allowed to finish his term of service in that department. In the contrary event, we ask for an explanation why a General who has proved himself inefficient in another branch should be entrusted with what ought to be the very important duties of Governor at Sandhurst, for the discharge of which there is no lack of competent Generals on half-pay. The present free-and-easy system of appointing Governors to Sandhurst might be rendered less vicious if the War Office authorities supplemented the Governor's minimum of technical knowledge with a maximum of educational acquirements on the part of the Deputy Governor, who to all intents and purposes seems relegated for life to the woods of Camberley. [We believe the present Assistant Commandant has seen sixteen or eighteen years' service in that locality.] But whereas Governors are chosen because they have deserved well of their country or proved inefficient in other appointments, the Deputy's claims seem to have rested mainly upon a long and intimate knowledge of the topography of Surrey. His equipment in military education did not enable him to obtain the certificate of the Staff College of which he was a student, but none the less he was appointed an instructor at the Royal Military College for seven years, whence he returned as instructor to that very Staff College which he had been compelled to leave owing to his inability to pass the examination and was finally appointed Assistant Commandant at the Royal Military College with the local rank of lieutenant-colonel, £600 a year salary, and a house! A wonderfully successful career for an unsuccessful candidate for the Staff College! His valuable assistance has enabled two Governors in succession to testify to his intrinsic merits as an educational expert and there is no doubt that his success has proved the futility of a Staff College certificate and the utter fallacy of supposing that educational attainments or technical knowledge are needed to make an educational expert of high standing. If the "fruits secs" of the Staff College are given the best staff appointments at home, why should officers

continue to labour for a wretched certificate obtainable only at a great personal sacrifice, after two years' arduous labour?

If this sort of thing continues, can we in England expect to have an efficient staff of officers fit to compete with those of other countries where they are trained by superiors of the highest value in military science? But this sort of thing shall not continue. The eyes of the country are being opened—not for nothing.

"L'EXPOSITION!"

AS early as February, Parisians began to admire the many amazing novelties that workmen were producing in the streets. Great mounds of earth rose here and there. Deep and dangerous holes were visible. Tools and boards lay about. Wiring, roping, and fencing cut off crossings, corners, and sometimes an entire thoroughfare. Traffic was troubled, for cabs and omnibuses might not pass freely as before. Often, everything waited; it was usual to advance by spasmodic bumps and jerks. And yet no one complained; no one protested; no one threatened to sue the State for loss of time. Indeed, the Parisian was inclined to haunt those holes and mounds, and to worry the workmen. On his way to business, he would pause. At night, he stopped again. It was bizarre. It was unheard of. It was phenomenal. See, that heap. See, that precipice. See, that sinister opening. What a century! What an age! What a triumph of engineering! *Nom de Dieu!* What miracle could surpass this one—"le Métropolitain"? Ponder a moment: beneath Paris people were soon to pass, thousands of them. Trains would go to and fro *as in the open*. Stations would receive passengers *en route as on the Nord*. Lights would burn *as in the streets*. There would be a bar at each station; and you might drink at it, drink *bock* beneath Paris, *au-dessous*. See, that precipice again. Come closer to it. Peer down it. Look to the left. There he is—that wall—that rock—he himself, "*le tunnel*." What a century! What an age! *Sac-à-papier!* *Nom de Dieu!* . . . In another neighbourhood, the Parisian was to be encountered looking upwards. Far above him workmen were busy with an elevated tramway; to watch them, the Parisian paused on the curbstone, stood on his toes, stretched his neck. It was *épatant*. It was prodigious. It was *délicat*. "*En plein air*," now, Paris was to pass over Paris. The streets would be deserted: everybody would be above them or below. One was to be precipitated through the air. One was to be with the birds. One would give up walking altogether soon. One would be seen flying next, or treading the air, or floating. . . . Inspecting still, the Parisian might next have been observed staring steadily at the banks of the Seine from the Pont Alma or some other bridge. Temples rose before him, and palaces; then domes and steeples, towers and turrets, pillars and kiosks, all in a state of scaffolding. Still, it was sublime. It was extraordinary, moreover. It was bewildering. Old Paris had come to life again. A foreign Paris had sprung up; there was no need to travel—for a dozen foreign capitals had their shops and corners, and would be open soon, and presided over by their respective peoples. The East was there. Wild lands like Africa and India were there. All the world was there. It was enough to terrify one. It was enough to prostrate one. It was enough to make one drink a dozen absinthes, and see blue and green and yellow. And so the Parisian trotted off, bewildered and amazed. And so he sank in the chair of some terrace, and called for refreshment. And so he sipped silently for a while, until his excitement had subsided. Then, however, he spoke: spoke eloquently, spoke gaily, spoke with pride, with joy, and with hope. Storms, he admitted, had broken over Paris; but her atmosphere now was calm and clear. Paris had suffered; but Paris was about to rejoice. Prosperity was to return. Riches were to pour into the city. Fortunes, small and large, would easily be made. And this was as it should be: for miracles had taken place among them that had cost years of labour and bags of gold; miracles that no one

would have dreamt of years ago; miracles that still amazed Parisians; miracles no less prodigious, no less unheard of, no less intoxicating than an elevated tramway and a Métropolitan. Foreigners would come in thousands, to throng hotels, flats, and pensions. Emperors, Princes, Sultans, queer kings, chiefs of alarming tribes would bring gorgeous and glittering suites. Paris would be en fête. Paris would be more brilliant than during the Empire. Paris would ring with rejoicing. Paris would ever remember, ever be proud of, ever feel grateful for her Exposition.

Among the students, talk turned every night upon the Exhibition. Paul and Pierre had much to say; so had Mdles. Mimi and Musette, so had Karl and Bibi. Somewhat sulky, were they—for the Quarter had received no invitation to erect an amazing temple, no demand for an imitation Bullier's or a typical student-café. And that, no doubt, was why Paul predicted evil for the Métropolitan and elevated tramway, monstrous miracles. "Never," he said to Mdle. Mimi, "never descend into that inferno. Never look at its tunnel. Never cast your bright eyes on these heaps. Never peer down these precipices and holes." "Why?" asked Mdle. Mimi. "Because," replied Paul, "thousands of poor people will be buried down there when the railway has once been opened. The tunnel will collapse: Paris will tread on Paris. Groans will go up. Paris above will walk merrily on dying Paris below. That, Mimi dear, will be the fate of the Métropolitan." Mdle. Mimi was horrified. Mdle. Mimi shuddered a little. Mdle. Mimi pondered a while, then asked why no such evil had befallen the London Metropolitan. "Because," replied Paul, "the soil of London is composed of coal and iron. You may stamp on it as much as you please. But the soil of Paris is soft, and trembles even if you dance. . . . Beware also, Mimi dear, of that infamous thing that will go rushing along above the streets. It, also, will collapse, and bury thousands. Paris will be dangerous. Wise folk will fly if they wish to escape a barbarous death, or keep, at least, to silent streets." Still, Mdle. Mimi disliked to hear so much evil prophesied for these two miraculous features of the Exhibition, and to change the conversation, referred admiringly to Old Paris and foreign Paris established so proudly on either side of the Seine. "Admire them while you can," advised Paul, "or it will be too late. All these towers and palaces will totter one day, and fall. Then, many more thousands will be buried; and so a great service at Notre Dame will be held and funerals will fill the streets and everyone will wear crape and—." "Je suis l'homme que vous attendez," interrupted Karl, who had just entered with Bibi. And bocks were at once ordered by "l'homme qui est allé chez Quesnay deux fois." Soon, however, the talk turned upon the Exhibition again; and it was voted scandalous that two such astonishing celebrities as Karl and Bibi were not to play a part. Karl should have a theatre to himself, charging for admission. There his task should be to tell his adventures with M. de Beaurepaire. Near by, Bibi should have a stall at which to take in umbrellas. When visitors complained, it should be Bibi's rôle to rise and say: "What? I steal umbrellas? IP Bibi la Purée? L'Ami du Maître? Jamais! Jamais!" And Paul and Pierre should take turns in showing how each person was one year younger than he thought, if he (or she) declined to accept 1900 as the new century. All this should have been included in the programme of the Exhibition; but no doubt its promoters would suddenly recognise their fault. Then, they would issue an invitation; and the Quarter would refuse. Then, they would urge and implore; and the Quarter would still say no. Then, they would declare the Exhibition to be doomed, were the Jeunesse to persist in refusing its assistance; and the Quarter would consent at last to save the Exhibition and restore prosperity to Paris. And so it would not be undignified to drink a toast. And so Paul was called upon once more. And so he bowed and rose and spoke: "Friends; all the world is about to visit us. And even if the Quarter has not its corner in the coming fête, all the world will cross the river to see the Jeunesse of the Rive Gauche. And here the world will act intelligently and well—

for Mimi is a fairer sight than the infamous elevated tramway and Bibi a more amazing spectacle than the infernal Métropolitan. And we, the Jeunesse, rejoice at the coming of the world—for Paris has suffered in the past and has come through a crisis nobly, and is anxious now to show herself an amiable and a hospitable city. And so we, the Jeunesse, will drink to the world, and to the opening, close, and complete success of our prodigious Exposition."

Surveying Paris from the summit of his hectic hill, the Montmartrois also expressed his belief in the success of the Exhibition. The Métropolitan, the elevated tramway, the shops and corners of Old Paris and of Foreign Paris, all three were amazing indeed, he admitted. Of course, they would attract the foreigner; but they would not be the chief attraction. They would not win the loudest applause, nor excite the greatest admiration, for the cabarets and chansonniers of Montmartre would be the clou. Montmartre stood supreme. Montmartre had no parallel. Montmartre would draw the crowd from Old Paris and Foreign Paris to its particular corner on the right-hand bank of the Seine. There, her chansonniers would "receive"—"proud as kings." There, they would chant new and startling ditties. There, thousands would surround, applaud, and worship them. Salis aîné, Salis jeune. Andhré Joyeux alas! would not be present to raise the reputation of the "Butte." Others would have to do that; and would. Montmartre produced poets every day. Montmartre was never without genius. Montmartre was never solemn, never moody, never dull. And so France, England, Europe, America, Africa, India—the world, would have the chance of appreciating the genius of the "Butte" when "Emile, le vieux," "Emile, l'affreux," "Papa Emile," had once opened the Exposition. . . .

Such was the mood of the man in the street, the Jeunesse of the Rive Gauche, the madmen of the "Butte," when February dawned. Such was their mood in March. Such is their mood to-day. The mounds and precipices of the Métropolitan have almost vanished; the elevated tramway is all but ready; the towers and palaces of Old Paris and Foreign Paris have shed their scaffolding. And Paris proper waits, convinced that success will crown her Exhibition.

THE LITERATURE OF UNIVERSITY ROWING.*

THEY who are interested in University rowing should read Mr. Sherwood's book, which is a most accurate and interesting history of rowing at Oxford from the earliest times to the present day. Mr. Sherwood, who has been for many years the treasurer of the O.U.B.C. and has steered that institution through many troubles into the calm water of financial prosperity, has shown that he was eminently qualified for the work which he undertook; a work which involved much research in the files of old newspapers and in the old college boat club and University boat club records. In "Oxford Rowing" the chapters on the early history of boat-racing on the Isis are as accurately worked up as those which deal with recent years, and one may almost be excused for using a rowing metaphor and saying that he has got a firm hold of the beginning and carried his work through with uniform pressure to the finish.

In all matters athletic the Universities have done much to maintain the purity of amateur sport and especially so in rowing. There has been, however, of late years a tendency on the part of some of our sporting contemporaries to publish reports of the practice of the University crews and of other events of interest in the rowing world written in a style which, compared with some of the older reports quoted by Mr. Sherwood, would give one the impression that rowing had sunk to the level of some of the other branches of "sport" which they describe, and that those concerned in the practice for the Boat Race are little, if anything, above those who take part in the

* "Oxford Rowing." By Rev. W. E. Sherwood. London: Henry Frowde, 1900. 10s. 6d. "The Story of the University Boat Race." By Wadham Peacock. London: Richards, 1900. 2s.

preparation for a prize-fight. In the reports to which we refer a lamentable ignorance is shown of the first principles of rowing and training. The following instances of this ignorance are very common. If at the end of a row some of the men show that they have had enough of it, the circumstance is always commented upon unfavourably; whereas it is, or should be, well known that a man who does not row himself right out in every time trial be it long or short is not worthy of a place in any crew. If the time of a course is slow in the opinion of the reporter, or appears slow owing to inaccuracy of his watch, innumerable faults are described, most of them purely imaginary. There was one occasion when the public were entirely misled by a report of this kind. During the training of 1892 both crews had arranged to row over the same stretch on the same tide. Oxford gave the reporters the slip and started when the press launches were more than a mile off. They covered the distance 12 seconds faster than Cambridge but the press made them 20 seconds slower than Cambridge and wrote articles severely criticising the rowing of the Oxford crew. The result was that Cambridge were made favourites although it was known to those who had watched the rowing that they were at the best a moderate crew and that Oxford were one of the fastest crews that had ever been sent from the Isis. Another curious feature of these reports is the number of slang terms used which are unknown to the rowing man's vocabulary. A coach is spoken of as a "mentor," an eight as an "octette," an oar as a "spruce" and we have even seen "30 digs while the spider hand completed the circuit of the dial" for 30 strokes per minute. It can hardly be possible that it is necessary for these "special rowing correspondents" to express themselves in such terms in order to make themselves intelligible to the general public. If they really find it makes their papers more acceptable to the majority of their readers, which one can hardly believe to be the case, it is perhaps excusable from a business point of view; but there can be no excuse for the suggestion they often contain that the reporter almost, if not quite, shares the confidence of those in authority of the University boat clubs. Their plans of training and hopes of success are given in a style which reads almost as if the President had sought the advice of the reporter, and in some cases we have seen members of the crews referred to in familiar terms by nicknames, a mode of address which the reporter could not have used in their presence without the risk of a breach of the peace. Quite the most objectionable of these practices is the custom which has grown up of publishing so-called interviews with one or more of the prominent members of either crew. A University oarsman like everyone else detests the interviewer who attempts to fathom the depths of his mind and publishes a garbled account of his opinion for the benefit of inquisitive readers. It is possible that many of the interviews of prominent people which appear from time to time in the newspapers are approximately reported; and it is even possible that some people are sufficiently fond of advertisement to be not unwilling to be interviewed; but some of the interviews with members of the University crews which have been published in the last few years have been, to our own knowledge, unwillingly given and incorrectly reported. We happened to be present a year or two ago when one of the University strokes was tackled in the street by one of these interviewers and the proceedings were one of the worst examples of the evils of asking leading questions that it is possible to imagine. "I presume it would be hardly fair to describe your opponents as one of the worst crews that has ever been sent from their University?" was the first question. "No," was the answer. "You would like to have a crew worthy of your merits to row against?" was the second question. "Yes," was the answer. This appeared as follows in the paper. "Mr. Blank said that although he thought it would be hardly fair to say that his opponents were the worst crew that ever came from their University, yet he did wish that his men had a crew worthy of their merits to row against." Thus to poor Mr. Blank, who had merely given an abrupt monosyllabic answer

to the long-winded question of his tormentor, was attributed the above odious remark.

Such then is the style of literature which anyone, who takes an interest in the doings of the crews, has to plough his way through in order to find out how they are getting on and what they are doing, and it is certainly a relief to anyone who is interested in rowing literature to turn to Mr. Sherwood's book. In addition to the historical chapters referred to there are some very interesting pages on the financial management of the O.U.B.C. and on the old colours of the different college boat clubs. The second portion of the book is devoted to records, and if any old oarsman whose name figures in these records looks up the index of names, he will find his name followed by a succession of symbols (duly explained at the end) which will remind him of many races in which he took part and has probably long forgotten, but which have not escaped the eagle eye of Mr. Sherwood. It only remains now for some member of the Cambridge University Boat Club to be inspired with a friendly rivalry and to compile a similar book about rowing on the Cam.

THE IMPENDING OPERA.

OUR doom is sealed; in a few weeks the mighty axe will fall. We must abandon our sanguine dreams, our fair hopes; for without the smallest doubt there is to be an opera season this year, and just such an opera season as we had last year. I have been scrutinising with considerable care the advance programme—the lists of singers who are coming, the conductors, and the works to be rendered; and I see that nothing has been omitted to make the season as successful as possible from the Grand Syndicate's point of view, which is to say as unsuccessful as possible from the artistic point of view. The first thing that strikes one, of course, is the number of unofficial promises which will not be fulfilled. This year, as for many years past, we have heard a very great deal of the new works to be mounted; this year, as in many past years, these rumours prove to be quite unfounded. We are to have only one new opera—one opera, that is, new to England—and it is a scarecrow kind of opera, Puccini's "La Tosca" to wit, the kind of opera calculated to frighten away the critics and public and everyone save the subscribers from Covent Garden for the remainder of the season. The same composer's "Bohème" will naturally be given again, for Melba wants it, and at Covent Garden the prima donna, male or female, is all but omnipotent. I read that de Lara's "Messaline" will again be given if an Harès can be found. Of course an Harès can easily be found if he is wanted, and an excellent Messaline is already at the disposal of the Syndicate. There are to be a number of Wagner performances with Mottl as conductor and a number of German artists and a number also of German shouters and screamers in the principal parts. Beyond this there is nothing more to notice excepting that the season will open with Melba in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," a work which has smelled rank for so long that it is a pity it cannot be decently sepulchred ere the sanitary authorities interfere. And this is all.

The truth is that the preliminary programme is more remarkable for what it omits than for what it contains. I have made inquiries; I have read the newspapers; and nowhere can I learn that a man who knows anything about opera has been appointed to direct the opera. Indefatigable Mr. Higgins and his associates scour Europe in search of tenors and prima donnas; they are, I believe, honest and enthusiastic in their search for the best voices and the finest artistic talents; but, as I have insisted here until I have grown tired of insisting, they will not take the very simple step of entrusting the artistic side of their enterprise to a man who knows something of it. Covent Garden is in the same condition as it was last year when I said that if the score of a new opera were sent in for consideration there was not a man in power who could tell whether it was bad or good. Apparently the same higgledy-piggledy is to prevail this year as prevailed then. Whenever an important singer is secured the heavens

are rent with a wild hurrah of triumph; but the Syndicate seems quite unable to understand why I and many others should groan when no attempt is made to secure the services of a man who could best use the singers, important or unimportant. Let us have great guns is all their cry. As for anyone competent to aim the great guns truly and let them off at the proper moment—that is a matter that is not to be thought of. Supposing this country were to send out some really first-rate guns to South Africa, guns equal to the best used in France or in Germany (though I know it is absurd to suppose that anything of the sort could possibly happen), but without a man who knew how to load them and set them off—in such an impossible event what should we all say? At Covent Garden they get their great guns, and put them on the stage, and then they commence dropping pieces of scenery on them, or lowering curtains in front of them, or making them ridiculous by not dropping the curtain at all or by only dropping it half-way; and they wonder why the guns have not gone off with the anticipated effect and bowled over the mighty London public. And it is all for the want of one competent man—one man who knows his work, and has a will strong enough to get his way though all the prima donnas in Europe were against him. There is one odd characteristic which I have noticed in the incompetent man placed in an official position, whether it is at the War Office, the Colonial Office, in the army, at a theatre, or at Covent Garden. He not only is careless as to whether things are rightly done or the reverse: he seems to take a positive delight in doing things wrongly. A War Office man of this type insisted on sending out a certain kind of gun to Lord Kitchener, in spite of many warnings, and Lord Kitchener had to send them back with the message that if he wanted stones thrown at the Arabs he could do it himself. A Colonial official—but I am not writing about political matters. At one time a quite irresponsible creature had most to say about the stage-management at Covent Garden, to wit, the black cat. He not only did not come on at moments when he might have added to the gaiety of nations, as for instance in the ball-scene in "Don Giovanni," but persisted in coming on at such moments as Lohengrin's parting from Elsa, with results that from neither the box-office nor the artistic point of view could be considered good. After the death of Sir Augustus Harris the black cat was superseded. But whoever succeeded him was very little wiser. If the directions in a score were that A. had to stand on the left and B. on the right, one might have made a fortune, had there been a sufficient number of the inane to take one's bets, by wagering that B. would be placed on the left and A. on the right. If the directions were that the curtain had to drop at a certain moment, it inevitably dropped either before or after that moment. If certain singers had to do certain "business" it was certain that each one would do some other business, never intended by the composer. Gradually the grosser forms of this perversity have been eliminated; but the stage-management of Covent Garden is still no wiser, no more artistic, than the stage-management of a penny gaff. The Syndicate—every man of it—knows this as well as I do; but it too is tainted with the perversity of incompetent officialdom; and it still glories in doing the wrong thing at the wrong time.

My reason for insisting on this, and for recapitulating the old arguments, is that every year some of us hope for better things and some of us have forgotten how badly things went during the last season. Every year we give Covent Garden a fresh chance; and every year we only begin to growl when the financial success of the season is assured and the management can afford to smile sweetly upon us and tell us that they don't in the least mind how harshly we speak of them. Both critics and subscribers should at once do their duty by declaring what they want. The worst of it is that—as I greatly fear—the bulk of the subscribers want nothing excepting to be amused by dull repetitions of dull operas. They want to converse during the greater part of each evening, and in the intervals of conversation to hear songs by Melba or Eames or Jean de Reszke. There is a very small minority that takes operatic art seriously. But if that minority were serious enough it would find it had the game in its

hands. By refraining from sending its subscription unless a decent percentage of the total number of nights were given up to serious opera, and unless definite promises of amendment as to the manner of performance were made, it would at once get its way: without the minority of serious opera lovers the majority of conversation people and triflers could not enable opera to pay its way. If people would only realise what they could do by staying away from the cheaper seats on the bad nights—commonly known as the brilliantly fashionable nights—they could force the majority to a compromise. I think the management would be only too glad to meet them; for the management knows as well as I do that the Covent Garden Opera is a mere burlesque of the genuine thing. I am certain that they would be delighted to see the genuine thing established in this country. Established it would very soon be if only it were conducted properly. If it were managed as well as many a small German house that I am accustomed to gibe at, it would be supported to an extent that would render the management independent of subscribers who want to hear the "Huguenots" and "Traviata," and gradually the season would be so lengthened by beginning earlier and ending later that at last some astute person would see there was money in trying for a permanent opera. A permanent opera is the thing to be aimed at by all those who love opera. We who love opera, real opera, care nothing for brilliant seasons; only a few of us are like the critic who objected to the dark scenes in Wagner's "Ring" because, as he frankly, but somewhat naïvely, said, the darkness deprived him of one of the most enjoyable parts of an operatic performance, the watching of pretty ladies in pretty frocks; we can see frocks at any theatre (at least I suppose so, though I never go to the theatre), but when we are in an opera house we want to see the thing we pay or ought to pay to see, the opera. If only we can see and hear opera when we want to, we care not how many pretty women prettily dressed stay away. How preposterous it is that we should only be able to get opera by turning our one opera house into a kind of fancy dress ball-room, which indeed it openly is at other times of the year than the spring and summer!

Amongst the many blessed results of the present war is this, that no Government for some years to come will dare to vote a million sterling for the site for a National Opera House. Paterfamilias, overtaxed or undertaxed, but knowing he is paying taxes which but for the war he would not have to pay, will certainly object to the public money being squandered on any such folly. Squander it on a thousand other objects, he will say, but don't spend a halfpenny on a thing I don't in the least understand. So far as may be seen at present, any permanent opera we are to have within the next half-century will be the outcome of private enterprise. Covent Garden, if it will do the one thing needful, that is, get a musical brain into itself, might be the private entrepreneur. It could have its semi-private conversational season, as it has at present, and then, at times of the year when the talkers and flirts are in other parts of the world, it could make money by doing opera in an honest, humdrum way. At present the Syndicate boasts that it pays thirty-three per cent. Run during the greater part of the year, with its own conductors and its permanent band, there is no reason why it should not pay sixty-six per cent. It would make money; it would have the honour of being the only profitable opera in the world; and it would have another honour besides. For this point has hitherto been overlooked: that it is through opera, and through opera alone, that we can hope ever to have an English school of music, a set of composers with a manner and a matter entirely their own. Only when we have an opera house at which the works of English composers can be produced in the English language, may we hope for composers who will speak a native tongue and not as most of our composers speak to-day, in broken German and sometimes even in broken French. I have not space now to argue out the question in detail, but I may remark that every school of music has acquired its individual characteristics through setting music to the languages of its composers. To-day our composers

are confronted with the question, How shall we be English? The "Musical Standard" the other day said it saw signs of Englishness in the works of the younger men. I regret to say I can see no such signs. There will never be such signs until our men, younger or older, begin to set English words in the most expressive fashion possible, without thinking of the phrases of music written to corresponding words in German, Italian, Russian or French. If this were a lyrical age, a school of song-writers might give us the lost clue to being ourselves in our music. But it is not a lyrical age; it is, speaking in a rough and ready way, a dramatic age; and it is only by means of music-drama that our composers will get the best out of themselves. If Covent Garden prepared the way for a permanent English opera where English operas could be sung, it would also prepare the way for a national school of composers; and we could cheerfully forgive it all its past offences, its subservience to the prima donna, its no stage-management or stage-management by its black cat or people with apparently no more brains than its black cat.

J. F. R.

ACTING GOOD AND EVIL.

I WAS so engrossed here, last week, in trampling on Mr. Walter Frith that I forgot to bow to Sheridan, whose "Rivals," that delicate evergreen, I had just been seeing at the Haymarket Theatre. Let me hasten to my amends. I had seen the play often before, but never nearly so well produced and cast. Hitherto I had been unable to revel in it really, being distracted by inappropriate scenery and mimes. Well! here, at last, was a real illusion of the North Parade. In the book-shop, at whose door the little salesman stood snuffing the evening air, *Peregrine Pickle* and *Mrs. Chapone*, one fancied, really were brand-new stock. The lamplighter hobbled by, and one felt that for years he had gone a nightly round of "that Resort where Virtue treads with Genius, and Wit is not dissociated from Decorum." One breathed the very air of "the genteel, delicious Province." Nor did the mimes make havoc of the local and temporal colour achieved so nicely in the setting. There was a merciful absence of that inane ambling and swaying on tiptoe, that flourishing of hats, and waving of finger-tips, which most mimes seem to regard as constituting an eighteenth-century manner. Every mime here behaved like a human being—a being with a manner rather more elaborate than yours or mine, but still quite human. I hope this innovation will be taken as a precedent at large. There is really no evidence that people in the eighteenth century were always dancing minuets; still less, that they were always trying to turn somersaults, and making fools of themselves generally. Indeed, it is probable that their deportment, for all its greater elaborateness, tended more than ours to an effect of repose. In Goldsmith's farces, the traditional method of clowning the eighteenth century is quite permissible, even desirable. In farce, (whose aim is not at reality, but at mere fun,) let the mimes be as funny as they can be: amble and sway, flourish and waive, to their hearts' content. But in comedy let them curb themselves, *behave* themselves, like the admirable company at the Haymarket. So shall "The Rivals" give me pleasure, when, in due course, it is revived elsewhere. That it is still acted so frequently is due, of course, not to its deserts in art and in wit, but to the irresistible chances found by mimes in the parts of Sir Anthony, and the Captain, and Bob Acres. The public, I infer, loves the play especially because of Mrs. Malaprop. Every speech uttered by that lady sends the public into convulsions of mirth. For me, she is the one blot on the play. The kind of mechanical, verbal humour for which she is a vehicle exasperates me to distraction. If I spoke of her botanical, vernal humour I should not expect anyone to be amused, and it vexes me to think that Sheridan expected people to be amused by such devices. But Sheridan knew his public, and knew that when Mrs. Malaprop, in the first act, said "supercilious" and meant "superfluous," and, in the second act, meant "superfluous" and said "superstitious," the public would be so gratified at its own erudition and quick perception that it would

almost roll off its seat. "Punch," for many years, made a similar appeal through "Mrs. Ramsbotham;" also through "Jeames" and the "City Waiter." To me such appeals are made in vain, and I resent them proportionately as I admire their maker's ordinary work. Whenever I think of Thackeray, I am chilled by his responsibility for the "Yellowplush Papers," and whenever I see the "Rivals" Mrs. Malaprop almost drives me out of the theatre. At the Haymarket, last Tuesday, Mrs. Calvert somewhat appeased me by playing the part in a manner suggestive that she was not less bored by it than I was. And Miss Winifred Emery glorified my evening by being quite perfect as Lydia Languish. For me, Lydia is the salt of the play. She is the flawless incarnation of a type, and no lapse of years can hurt her, and the play which hinges on her vagaries will be a classic always. She existed before Caxton, and when Mudie's Library is dust she will still be flourishing. The novels which turned her head in the "Rivals" are forgotten now, or remembered only because her head was turned by them. They have been swept away, but she remains quite modern—so modern that, in the "Canary," most modern of all recent comedies, she turned up in the flimsiest disguise and seemed quite topical. We call her Lydia Languish, but she is really incarnate girlhood—one of the eternal verities, and not the least delightful of them. Since writing for her this tribute, I find that Mr. William Archer drily dismisses her as "a poor part." Of course, from the standpoint of "the profession," she is a poor part. She makes no rough-and-ready appeal to the audience. She is a creature subtly varied, not a formal stage-figure with a label. To understand her you must observe her with careful and alert sympathy. You cannot be sure what she will do or say at any given moment. Always she is taking you by surprise, and then making you wonder why you were surprised at all. In a word, she is *natural*. I do not say that in real life there are no hard-and-fast figures; but I suggest that they are rare: most of us are more or less fluid and ambiguous. But to be fluid and ambiguous on the stage is to be not a "showy" part. If a part is to be "showy" it must be such that the audience will grasp it at once, foreseeing all its possibilities from the first. Sir Anthony is an example of such a part. From first to last, he is "heavy father," and his every outburst comes as a happy fulfilment of the public's anticipation, and comes, accordingly, welcome and applauded. It makes no demand on the public's intelligence, none on that of the actor, who has but to use himself lustily to be sure of a triumph. Heavy father, juvenile lead, villain, *ingénue*, and the rest—these are the "showy" parts (if they are strongly worked out by the dramatist). Had Sheridan elaborated in Lydia a mere *ingénue* of the theatre, instead of a soaring human girl, she would not be, as she is, despised by the "profession." It is natural enough that actresses are shy of such a part, but I wonder that Mr. Archer, who will never (surely) be called on to play it, and who usually concentrates his mind on dramatic art, leaving histrionism to its own devices, should have let slip this obvious opportunity, by me taken, of doing homage to a masterpiece by the way. All the greater credit seems due to Miss Winifred Emery. She rose to the part, and did not, as she so often does, rise too high. She foisted no glosses of histrionism on the obvious passages, gave them for no more than they were worth; and where interpretation was needed she interpreted with exquisite sensibility and skill. In fact, she was the very Lydia, "innocently wild and bashfully irresolute"—that, and no more. I cannot conceive a better performance of the part. Mr. Cyril Maude was amusing as Bob Acres, but he seemed to me to over-act the duel-scene. Of course, this particular scene was meant by Sheridan for mere farce, and Bob was meant to be merely ridiculous. But in the present generation, which duels not, Bob's reluctance seems entirely sensible and sympathetic. The best way for an actor to treat it in would be, I think, the way of serious comedy. At any rate, the experiment might be made.

The gods, I fear, are anxious to destroy Mr. E. F. Benson. By no less sinister supposition can I account

for the fact that he has been appearing as Antony, and allowing Mrs. Benson to appear as Cleopatra. There is no ordinary reason why he should have done this. It is not explained away by his anxiety to leave no Shakespearean play unacted. He has in his company at least one actor who might have been good as Antony, and no actress in his company (except, perhaps, Miss Kitty Loftus) who would not have been a more plausible Cleopatra than Mrs. Benson. Personally, I do not care to see such a play on the stage unless the two chief parts are filled in such a way as to satisfy my definite ideal of them. There is a score of ideal Hamlets, of ideal Lady Macbeths. But Antony and Cleopatra are "fixed" for me. They must be superb figures, both. Through the mists of their tragic and stupendous passion, they must loom over me, as it were, rather more than life-size. They must be "such a mutual pair" as they are boasted, lest they be blown away by a mere puff of ridicule. Cleopatra must have a hand "that kings have lipp'd, and trembled kissing." She must be one who has held all mankind in thrall, one for whom Actium were well lost. And Antony must be one who would lose it for her; and she, again, one who for love of him would press the asp to her breast, fondling it, as a mother her child. In other words, both must be tremendous embodiments—noble monsters—of tragic passion. If Antony looks and talks like Robert Elsmere, the whole game is up. It was even so that Mr. Benson looked and talked. For Mrs. Benson's performance I can find no simile. Suffice it to say that the shadow of an automaton would have been more welcome. Yet, apparently, Mr. Benson supposed that he and Mrs. Benson would "muddle through" all right; else, the play (since it had to be done) would have been cast otherwise. Clearly, he is on the Olympian black-list. MAX.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

IF the exhibition in Suffolk Street is no more generous in its offering of desirable pictures than the exhibition of the Institute, it is certainly more lively, for it is to a great extent made up of work by painters who have not yet committed themselves. The misunderstanding of water colour at the Institute is final, the verdict is written up on the walls, and the spectator feels not merely that the individual painters have reached their goal but also that they have collectively settled the business, once for all, leaving no way out. With the artists of the Institute water-colour painting is no longer an open question, it is *chose jugée*, and in their presence one ought to talk of something else, of natural history, of topography, of the train service from Paddington. Oil painting is still an open question with the British Artists—very open. A visit to the galleries is like a journey over a new road which is full of puddles, and ruts, and stones that are nothing more than stones—not serviceable contributions to road-making. There is much painting at Suffolk Street that is mere paint. Whereas in the other place skilled hands kept the medium from justifying itself, here it easily gets beyond control and makes clumsy and disturbing appearances on its own account. This is not desirable either. But, in the first place, these extravagances of paint at Suffolk Street are the outcome of more or less modest incompetence, and not the brutal parade of the man who has nothing to swagger upon except the possession of a paint-box. And then, by its very nature, this state of conscientious messiness is not a settled or a final state. Oil painting is not done with, there is no stopping here, and the individual painters can hardly remain at this stage even if they would; they must move on in one direction or another.

A direction, indeed, seems to be declaring itself—and here is the shadow which a threatening future casts upon a still lively present. There is a general leaning, a noticeable tendency towards the decorative. And the decorative picture is as complete a closing of the question (though from the other end) as the least effective record of nature that you can find in the Institute. The decorative picture is a thing which gives an interesting but entirely false account of itself. To the spectator, whether he rightly deprecates or

wrongly admires, the decorative picture appears most certainly to be the outcome of a conscious desire, a well-weighed determination not to be realistic. It tells a story of the artist striving to get free of nature, and, in this endeavour, carrying out his ideal of what art ought to be. It points out that to the haphazard variety of nature's colours the painter prefers intended, simplified, colours of his own; that his desire is to eliminate subtleties of drawing, not to reproduce trees as they stand, but to abstract from them ideal shapes which he may mass together into an effective composition. And in setting this ideal before him (the story continues), he is only taking a part, unconsciously it may be, in that movement which is making itself felt on every side, the reaction against a realism which has been—invented to explain the idealism. It is all a fable. This is not the genesis of the decorative picture. The decorative tendency, the direction of the still unsettled painting exhibited at Suffolk Street, is determined by something of far more immediate urgency than any ideals as to what art ought to be.

I have said that the painters whose work gives an air of liveliness to the exhibition are heavily engaged in a more or less unequal contest with their oil paint. Here, in the endeavour to arrive at a certain colour of sky, the painter's blue has come troubled and dirty with much labour; there, the paint, standing out against the artist's desire to model with it a cheek and mouth, has stuck relentlessly in violent and inelegant patches, and generally, in such a struggle, the refusal of paint to do the painter's bidding has not only weakened the drawing and marred the colour, but left positive ugliness. It is at this point, it is with the painter's recognition of what is ugly in the outcome of his struggle, it is with his impatience at its incompleteness, that the decorative tendency takes its start, and the decorative picture beckons to him as an easy solution of the difficulties with which his medium opposes him. The attractions of this sort of death are not to be denied. The decorative style offers everyone who is stumbling or troubled or impatient a way of achieving, and at once, an assured and final result. His incapable picture is ugly to look at, the decorative picture is pleasant; his incapable picture is weak, the decorative picture is strong; his incapable picture is incomplete, the decorative picture is a final production; his incapable picture does not reveal what good taste he has, the decorative picture is a perfect heaven for tasteful persons. All his shortcomings are occasioned by the obstinacy of a medium which offers him clumsiness when he asks for a means of expression—he has only to accept the shortcomings as proper and inevitable qualities of the medium, to cultivate, to formalise, the clumsinesses, and thereby admit, declare, practise the principle that oil paint is a poor material, only capable of mats and balls and bars of heavy colour, he has only to make a virtue of giving up the struggle, and he will find himself a decorative artist, with Mr. Graham Robertson's "O the Red, the Green, and the Yellow," or Mr. Isö Rae's "The Gift," easily within his reach. The painters who have not yet committed themselves so far, who are still engaged in the manful struggle to make oil paint yield them elegance instead of clumsiness, who are only, perhaps, giving in a little here or a little there, the painters who have still a clear road before them might pause in the midst of their paint and ask whether it is worth while to abandon all possibilities in order to arrive at such easy and shallow effectiveness.

It cannot be repeated too often that there is nothing ideal either in the inception or the final aspect of a decorative picture. The decorative tendency, in this case, starts from impatience with a medium which is more obstinate, and more fruitful of uglinesses, than all others, just in proportion as it is wider and capable of greater beauties. The tendency ends—and the end is very near the attractive beginnings—with a down-right, staring, affirmation that oil paint is capable of only the most heavy-handed patches of elementary colour. This is what the decorative painter means if he talks of "simplification," and "filling a space well." The decorative tendency is calculated to attract the painter who is still unsettled because it offers a means by which he can turn all his shortcomings into virtues.

He has only to do on purpose what before he did by mistake, and all the beauties of the ideal art are his. For the decorative artist oil painting has no secrets.

There are some among the newer painters at Suffolk Street who have not yet cut the knot. It is to be hoped that Mr. Kneen, Mr. Leonard Hill, Miss Maud Ansell, Mr. C. D. Ward, Miss Lilian Edmonds, will not be so impatient at the sight of any unintended dulness of colour in their pictures, so bothered with any of the patchiness or the clumsiness which are the relics of a struggle, that they will begin to give up at any point, and go a single step on the road which leads to the peaceful and withdrawn regions where spaces are blandly filled with such ideal patchwork. It is true that they have, close to their hand, that which can transform all that troubles them in their work, all that stands in their way, into so many advantages, and there is nothing to hold them back except respect for their medium. Mr. Greig, in his "Auchmithie Beach," and Mr. Goodman, in "The Silent Stream," have taken a good many, and very pleasant, steps down the fatal road. Both of them exhibit portraits showing no decorative tendency, but revealing that initial fault to which the tendency attaches itself, a certain disrespect for their medium, an insincerity (the æsthetic is so much poorer than the moral vocabulary) which allows them, when they cannot get what they want with their paint, to flourish with it, rather unfeelingly. The attractive nature of the road they are taking cannot be disputed, for their landscapes are undoubtedly pleasanter than their portraits. Mr. Graham Petrie's "The Mill" looks safe enough in spite of its prettiness; there is no danger in Miss Ethel Martin's charmingly felt "La Houle," unless the dulness of the painted sky should annoy her unduly, nor in Mr. H. St. John Joyner's "A Hampshire 'Kopje,'" unless the touches which came happily and lightly enough here should grow into obstacles. A palette knife is not the most respectful of instruments, and the "Souvenir de Theydon Bois" proves, I am afraid, beyond doubt that Mr. Walter Thompson has taste. His other pictures declare that their painter is not tempted; still these are dangerous times for a man with taste and a palette knife, especially if he should happen to be a Scot. Mr. Alfred Collister has a foot in both camps. His hard-and-fast decorative water colour, "The Meadow Pool," is faultless, as decorative painting is apt to be—the trees are formal silhouettes, the colour is perfectly simplified, the shapes fill a space. Water colour is a much narrower medium than oil, but this is a poor use to which to put it, and it seems unreasonable that the artist who has used it with so full and telling a success in "A Village in Man," should grow angry with it and degrade it because it has refused on this occasion to do all that he could wish in the modelling of the trees, and because it lies therefore a little blankly and heavily there.

I have said nothing of the charge which may most obviously be brought against the decorative picture, namely that it is unlike nature, that it is too violently (and quite unnecessarily) removed from the real and living appearance of trees and sky. The argument may have its merits, only it does not vitally touch the decorative painter. For the origin of his decorative tendency is not at all bound up with the real and the ideal in art, and the question of his error is not, therefore, to be argued on any such æsthetic heights. His error starts, once more, with a disrespectful and tasteful impatience of the ugliness which his incapable use of paint produces, and it is complete when he formalises this ugliness, and so makes a virtue of belittling his medium. The question, therefore, is a material one from beginning to end, and likeness or unlikeness to nature only enters into it so far as a constant closeness to nature provides the only means by which the painter's medium can be kept at its full effectiveness.

O. V. S.

SCOTTISH ASSURANCE.

SCOTSMEN have been singularly successful in the development of Life assurance, and within the last few days the reports of three Scottish offices have been issued, each of which abundantly proves prosperity.

The three offices to which we refer are the Scottish Amicable, Scottish Provident, and Scottish Widows.

The particular merit of the Scottish Amicable is the great strength of its reserves. The rate of interest it is earning on its funds is £3 16s. 4d. per cent., as compared with £2 10s. per cent. assumed in valuing its liabilities; this leaves a margin of £1 6s. 4d. per cent. of the funds as an annual contribution to surplus. The provision for expenses is 24·5 per cent. of the premiums, and the actual expenditure is 13·7 per cent. thus showing a margin of nearly 11 per cent. of the premiums annually accumulating for bonus purposes. There may be some offices with a larger interest margin, and others with a larger margin in connexion with expenses, but we doubt if there is any office in which the contribution to surplus from these two sources is so large as in the Scottish Amicable. The mortality claims experienced by the Society last year amounted to only 82 per cent. of the sum expected and provided for, thus showing a third very substantial source of surplus. These figures are nothing exceptional for the Scottish Amicable, and when a few months hence we have the returns dealing with the valuation up to the end of last year we have little doubt that the excellent prospects suggested by the annual accounts will be fully realised.

The Scottish Provident works on somewhat special lines, also with conspicuous success. Its special feature is to charge very low premiums, and to defer participation in surplus till the premiums paid accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest amount to the sum assured. The low rate of premium gives the policyholders an immediate bonus for a substantial sum and so practically does away with any objection that might otherwise be felt to the participation in surplus being deferred. The business of the Society is conducted on wisely economical lines. It issues a large amount of new assurances every year, and keeps its merits well before the public, but by steadily refusing to incur extravagant expenditure for the introduction of new business it keeps its expenses well under 11 per cent. of the premium income. The provision made for expenses is only about 12 per cent. of the premiums, so that the margin for surplus from this source is small; but as it is the special object of this Society to charge the lowest premium compatible with safety, a large margin for bonuses is neither to be expected nor desired. It would be at variance with the principles upon which the institution has built up a large and successful business, and if in present conditions the surplus proved to be very large the office would probably consider it advisable to diminish the surplus by reducing the premiums. In spite of the fact that the aim of the institution is to provide the maximum of assurance at a minimum cost the bonuses when they accrue are very substantial, not because the annual contributions to surplus are very large, but because they have time to accumulate before being distributed as bonuses. There is perhaps no office in the kingdom which quite so fully carries out the primary object of Life assurance, namely family provision, as the Scottish Provident. It concentrates its attention mainly upon this point, and accomplishes its purpose with remarkable success.

The Scottish Widows' Fund is another testimony to the genius of Scotsmen for Life assurance affairs. It has built up a premium income of nearly £1,000,000, and manages its business at an average expenditure of 10 per cent. of the premiums, a rate which is not only extremely moderate in itself, but is 16 per cent. below the provision made for expenses, and consequently produces a very substantial balance to provide for bonuses. The rate of interest earned upon the fund is 16s. 8d. in excess of the 3 per cent. assumed in valuing the liabilities and the mortality is more than 25 per cent. below the rate expected and provided for. The premium rates of the Scottish Widows are above the average, and consequently good bonuses are to be looked for. It is characteristic of its steady-going prosperity that since 1873 the rate of bonus has remained unaltered and that the average rate for more than sixty years has been the same as at the present time. This bonus that has for so long remained uniform is a reversionary addition on sums assured and previous bonuses at the

rate of 34s. per cent. per annum, a return which few, if any, offices have steadily maintained for so long a time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Canon MacColl having, perhaps wisely, pledged himself not to read anything more over my signature, I address myself to the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW. It is very clear that my shot at the "kopje," where I reckoned I had located the Reverend Gentleman, was not very wide of the mark, else I should not have so quickly drawn upon myself such a terrific fire of "explosive" missiles. After all, there is something in favour of being a "Grey Scout"! The paragraphs quoted by the Canon from his letter to the "Observer" are not a tithe of the case against him and must be viewed rather in the light of a treacherous "white flag" hung out to impose on the unwary and induce them to believe in the benevolent feelings of the Canon for our soldiers. The Canon must be judged on the general line he has all along taken up in his perfervid advocacy of "Justice to the Boers" at the expense of the same commodity for our soldiers, just the same as his general conduct anent the Bulgarian "atrocities" has been judged by the nation. The question of my identity is an absurd side issue, a mere attempt to score a controversial point, which interests nobody. I wrote, *not as an individual*, but on behalf of the gallant men with whom, until wounded, I had the good fortune to serve in the present campaign, whose conduct we all glory in and who are unable to protect themselves against the over-attacks of stay-at-home critics of the type of this turbulent priest.

Hence, I am perfectly content to submit to the furious abuse which the Reverend Gentleman showers on me because I do not elect to sign my letters. Nay, I cheerfully accept it *from him*, since like the rest of the world I have learnt to appraise it at its true value, and more especially, if by doing so, I can but divert his stream of misrepresentation from our soldiers to the shoulders of a mere Scout.

The truth is, the Canon has now suddenly discovered that it is one thing to traduce the brave soldiery of the Ottoman Empire, who although they could die like heroes were utterly incapable, when cruelly maligned, of raising a word in their own defence, and another to cast aspersions on the honour and integrity of the officers and soldiers of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

As regards instances of Boer misconduct, I am quite content to abide by Lord Roberts' dignified protest against the misuse of the white flag and the use of explosive and expansive bullets, which he justly described as "a disgrace to a people claiming to rank amongst civilised nations."

I have just received a letter narrating how an unfortunate British officer, who was wounded in the leg at Paardeberg and carried off the field, was subsequently, whilst *lying on his stretcher*, struck by an expanding bullet and, horrible to relate, completely disembowelled! It requires a good deal of the "Christian charity" which the Canon, although he appears to lack it, so frequently invokes, "to make allowances for the Boers" in order to condone such and similar atrocities.

GREY SCOUT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 April, 1900.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to correct two mistakes and supply one omission in my last week's letter? I wrote that "Grey Scout's" anonymous attack on me "violates alike the canons of veracity and the decencies," not "decisions," "of civilised controversy."

In the sentence—"In reply to those who characterised the reverses of our troops in South Africa I wrote"—"as humiliating" should have come after "South Africa."

I intended, but forgot, to say that my citation in the "Observer" from the correspondents of the "Times,"

"Daily Chronicle," and "Daily Mail" of destruction of private property and firing on the white flag by some of our own troops, was in illustration of the general rule of criticism which I laid down, namely, "that we rightly call for proof that such firing was intentional before believing it," and that we ought in equity to judge the Boers by the same rule.

I remain, &c.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

RUDYARD KIPLINGISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Graaf Reinet, Cape Colony, 1 March, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—The death of Ruskin reminds us that we do not want in our day great and unmistakable literary standards for the guidance of the critics. Ruskin is not dead; he lives still and will live on for ages. But the bodily departure of the man brings home to us pointedly and vividly the living genius. Let us hasten with our subject to this great standard. Let us for a moment place the Rudyard Kiplingism in our literature against that luminous background. We shudder, and make a wry face as if we had swallowed a dose of poison. And indeed we have: for Kiplingism is poison. Let me at once thank the able writers who have promptly responded to my appeal to the higher instincts of British public opinion. I admire them and I take heart of grace in such goodly company. Now, sir, let us get at the root of this matter so far as Kipling and the soldiers of the Queen are concerned. One of the strange and inexplicable moral phenomena of our day is the supposed exemption of soldiers from moral restraints. How and where this peculiar weakness in the ethics of public opinion originated it will not be an easy task to trace. I leave that task to others better equipped to dive into and analyse the sophistries of public opinion. But it is an utterly false and ridiculous assumption. There is neither in the laws of God nor man any sanction or authority for such exemption. With all their vagaries, none of the Christian sects have, so far, declared any class, or calling, or occupation, or profession exempts from the operation and control of the Ten Commandments. Yet we are not Christians when we tacitly note down the soldier as a being who is permitted to break the moral law in a manner which would be criminal in a civilian. There were no special conditions for the military in the code of the Ten Commandments. I do not say that educated public opinion allows this moral differentiating between the soldier and the civilian. The farthest educated and Christian public opinion goes—I must do it this justice and separate it from the grosser vulgar conception—is this: viz.—that the slips and falls from the moral code that would be intolerable and unforgivable in the respectable civilian must be more easily pardoned and forgiven in the case of the soldier on account of his manifold temptations. Now here is the phenomenon and weakness of public opinion to which I referred and this brings us to the fons et origo of the evil of Kiplingism. The boot-blacks of public opinion whether it be in literature, or art, or in politics invariably deal in its weaknesses. These they inflate, and exaggerate, and flatter while the victim is tickled with the delight of finding that which it was ashamed of palliated and glorified. Kipling does not ask for pity or forgiveness for Tommy Atkins, no; he assures us that his vices are matters of course, the legitimate incidents of everyday life, the theme of his stories and his songs, the right and inheritance of the soldier's condition! How horrible! How startling in a Christian age! Yet stark and naked stands out this abominable contention. I will take the least indecent instance:—

"When the raw recruits go out to the East

He acts like a fool and drinks like a beast."

And of course the "raw recruits" will try his best to come up to the Kipling standard. How can we hope for an army such as the Nation is crying out for, so long as this is the philosophy that soldiers are to be taught? Sir, in the dark middle ages the soldier was looked up to as the embodiment of chivalry and virtue. He was the champion of these and their hero. He gave the lead as the Christian type to all other manner of men. Bunyan drew thence his inspiration. There

were no "Absent-Minded Beggars" in the days of Cœur de Lion. The soldiers of the Crusades sacrificed everything for the loftiest ideals. Why is the modern soldier to be as degraded as his prototype of other days was noble and inspiring? What was the inspiration of the great armies of Napoleon? Whence comes the magic of the "Marseillaise"? the ardour of the "Men of Harlech"? the enthusiasm of "O'Donnell Abou"? or as your correspondent says the fire of "Scots What Ha'e"? Alas and alas! we in our day have only the "Absent-Minded Beggar!" and that too from the "Poet of the Empire." I leave your readers to draw their own conclusions. But before I conclude, let me say it is encouraging and comforting to perceive day after day spring up "heroes" in this strife against libertinism and recklessness, the Clement Scotts, the Robert Buchanans, the Editors of Reviews like yours and many others, the very Bayards of literature and art without fear and without reproach. May you aid them in the strife with this hydra-headed monster!

Yours, &c.

J. J. COMERFORD, M.J.I.

THE COLONIES AND THE ROYAL ARMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Leghorn, S. Patrick's Day, 1900.

SIR,—The whole Empire is ringing with the praises of the Colonies, and the question is once more to the front whether the Sovereign could not honour them by quartering one or more coats of arms to represent them in the Royal Blazon. This is of course impossible while the Colonies remain mere colonies, and it is singular to find educated people advocating so obvious a solecism. No colonies however large, however loyal, however patriotic, can figure or ever have figured in the *écu complet* of the sovereign who possessed them. A sovereign only adds to his coat the arms of such other *sovereignties* as he may acquire or claim. It would be against all honour and dignity, against every rule of marshalling, against the elemental notion of sovereignty itself, if a sovereign were to take the arms which he had granted to one of his colonies and quarter them with the arms of the other *sovereignties* which figured in his *écu complet*. An agitation for a complete English Royal Shield is most intelligible and meritorious, but the object of this agitation must be limited to such coats as by the laws of heraldry could legitimately figure in the sovereign's shield. And these, with us, I take to be seven in number: England, Scotland, Ireland, the Principality of Wales, the Kingdom of Man, the Kingdom of Gibraltar, and the Sovereignty of Malta. It is true that India is also a sovereignty, having been raised to the dignity of an empire, but by a most reprehensible omission no arms have as yet been granted to this great State.

Of course, I appreciate to the full the desire to honour our loyal-hearted and noble Colonies and do but raise my voice against conferring upon them any grotesque or maimed forms of honour. I plead for a full, for the fullest measure of honour. The Colonies could not appear in the Royal Arms unless they themselves had sovereign dignity. Why therefore should they not be elevated to the dignity of *sovereignties*, just as the kings of Spain dignified with the royal title the Indies and the Canaries? Why should not the Sovereign of England be styled Emperor of the East and West Indies, King of Canada, King of Australia, King of the Africas, Sovereign Duke of Guiana, Sovereign Marquis of Aden, Sovereign Lord of the Pacific Isles and so forth? It is a noble idea, and we should strike for it ere the notion of true sovereignty grow dim and faint in the fast falling shades of the dark night of democracy. Here surely is matter worthy of agitation, and yet hitherto (with the best intentions, of course) the only agitation has been to do honour to our Colonies by dishonouring the Royal Arms, and to add to their dignity by treating with contumely the fundamental principles of the most honourable of all sciences.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

PRO-BOER OR ANTI-BRITISH?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Detroit, Mich., 13 March, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—As confirming "British Resident," and Mr. Cunningham-Graham, as to the feeling in this country, I would state that the "Detroit Free Press" of 10 March says of a recent meeting:—"It seems the recent demonstration was not so much pro-Boer, as anti-British." And truly so, everywhere.

It is well—it was indeed high time—you expressed that doubt as to whether the true feeling of the people here ever does find itself expressed in English journals. For, unhappily, the journal that through its weekly edition reaches out all over the Empire can only speak of said people as "our cousins," "kin across the sea" &c. Aye! Sir, even during the Venezuela threat. And this in spite of an accomplished correspondent, who must know New York is not U.S.A.

At times like the present, you are told "the opinion of all that is best in the intelligence, and culture of the country, is decidedly favourable &c. &c." Of course it is, and for that very reason the opinion of the people is just the reverse.

Again, Sir, that journal will tell you that a Chauncey Depew or a Pierpont Morgan say so and so. May be they do; but you never hear what the people say because it is never reported.

But anyhow, will the courteous smiles of New York always blind England to the ever-present political scowls at Washington?—Yours respectfully,

C. W. VINCENT.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER AND PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 March, 1900.

SIR,—“Clericus” in his letter to you (31 March) says “The Bishop (of Worcester) is careful to point out that he does not condemn prayers for the sainted dead.” What did the Bishop mean by “sainted dead”? Not, I suppose, the dead who have been canonised by the Church. They do not need any help, but give it. Therefore “the sainted dead” must be taken as equivalent to “the Holy Souls,” for whose release from purgatory we Catholics pray.

But the Anglican Bishop must not officially recognise the existence of Purgatory. Therefore where are the “sainted dead” located, prayers for whom his lordship does not “condemn”? I quote the words of “Clericus” as, personally, I do not remember to have seen the Bishop’s letter.

Unless the “sainted dead” are somewhere where they can be assisted by the prayers of the living what on earth is the use of praying for them? If to mention them in prayer is a consolation to their sorrowing relatives, then such prayers may be put on a par with “the blessed word Mesopotamia,” which brought such comfort to the pious old lady.—Yours,

CATHOLIC AND ROMAN.

ENGLISH ART AND THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo, 27 March.

SIR,—With regard to the British Art Section at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition it should be made known that there will be by no means a representative selection of works of the Modern School. Where International Art prestige is concerned every effort should be made to reflect credit on English Art.

Sir Edward Poynter as President of the Academy would naturally endeavour to make the Academical selection as representative as possible. There are painters however outside the Academy whose work will be ignored to the detriment of English Art.

It is hard upon the country’s art reputation for foreigners to gaze on the productions of the marble bathroom school and pretty pictures such as grace the Christmas numbers. Foreign critics will stand amazed before the essence of garish mediocrity emanating from Burlington House.—Yours obediently,

PHILIP TREHERNE.

REVIEWS.

MR. LANG ON HIS NATIVE HEATH.

"A History of Scotland." By Andrew Lang. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1900. 15s.

WE have no doubt that Mr. Lang regrets the accident which brings him into competition with a rival so formidable as Dr. Hume Brown. The volume now before us is the second history of mediæval Scotland with which we have been favoured in the last eighteen months; and since there is no capital, religious or political, to be made out of this subject we are afraid that each of the two books will, to a certain extent, impair the circulation of the other. But the accident is a happy one for that limited circle of readers who desire to be more than superficially acquainted with the last struggles of the Gael and Teuton, with the making of the Scottish nation, and with the tragic fortunes of the early Stuarts. On these themes no man living is better qualified to speak than Dr. Hume Brown. But certain limitations were imposed upon him by the character of the very excellent series to which his book was a contribution. The exigencies of space precluded him from dwelling at any length upon the myths and the romances which cluster so thickly round the famous names of early Scotland; nor could he do more than give a cursory account of the controversies connected with the constitutional and social aspects of the period. His bibliographical appendix, admirable in itself, was rather insufficient as a substitute for a detailed and analytic set of references. These wants and others of a kindred nature are satisfied in the less restricted scheme of Mr. Lang's new book. Dr. Hume Brown will be read by those who come to the history of Scotland without a knowledge of the barest outlines, and also by students who desire to focus and arrange the results of much discursive reading. To obtain a mastery of the period it will be advisable to study Mr. Lang between the first and the second perusal of his predecessor. Mr. Lang supplies an excellent introduction to the literature of the subject, and he will be read with profit both when he scathes the heresies of others and when he propounds new heresies of his own.

We foresee that there is trouble in the air for Mr. Lang. On one or two important questions he adopts a frankly pugnacious attitude. He makes an elaborate assault on "honest" English chroniclers from the day of King Alfred to the day of Mr. Freeman. He is more than disrespectful to the time honoured Keltic myth, and indeed it is with some reluctance that he consents to see in the primeval Highlandman a creature higher in the scale of being than the black fellows of missionary reports. More audacious still he lets us understand that Knox was a poor creature and Protestantism (at least in the sixteenth century) a virulent disease. We own to a respectful admiration of his courage, and leave the breaking of lances to his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Lang may be wrong, but he is vigorous and suggestive. Putting aside mere questions of opinion we turn to questions of fact; and we are relieved to find that he is substantially in agreement with Dr. Hume Brown. Research, it seems, moves slowly here as elsewhere and the last two years have not brought to light any considerable mass of new material. Not unnaturally the earlier writer pays for his priority in being convicted of some slips; but his critical and chronological errors are so slight as to confirm our confidence in his accuracy and judgment. If Mr. Lang proves equally invulnerable he will be entitled to our hearty congratulations. And we see no reason to doubt that such will be the case. In his preface Mr. Lang is modest enough to deplore his insufficient acquaintance with academic methods of research. The apology is not needed. Academic methods are one half humbug and one half common sense. Mr. Lang is no novice in the art of criticising evidence, and he has found time to accumulate a mass of facts which would satisfy the most unconscionable of professors. In some few respects he is careless. His revision has evidently been too hurried for his own comfort or that of his readers. We might compile a considerable list of parentheses which do not seem at home in their con-

text, and every corner of the book is overflowing with addenda and supplementary notes. An academic historian might hesitate to fill an appendix with excerpts from a well-known History of English Law, and would be more chary of using English and Irish analogies in the description of Lowland boroughs and Highland tribes. But these lapses of judgment have less alarming consequences than one might anticipate. Mr. Lang does not disguise the extent of his obligations to workers in the same and other fields. His afterthoughts relate to matters of detail. His conjectures from analogy are never stated in the garb of proven facts. As an historian he has serious shortcomings, but they do not lie where we should naturally look for them.

The first and the gravest of his faults is the lack of unity and of proportion in his narrative. He has one or two fine passages, and several of his chapters read delightfully from the first page to the last. We cannot name a writer who has better realised the humorous and tragic aspects of the Wars of Independence. No reader can afford to miss the passages in which he illustrates with charming gravity the "even-handed justice" of the English Justinian (p. 179) and describes the effeminate campaigning of Edward's hapless son (p. 192). The tale of Flodden Field is admirably told. But we are bound to confess that much of the book is dull and uninspiring. In part this is due to the nature of the subject. It is inevitable that periods of stagnation should alternate with those of stir and bustle. That being the case, it is the first duty of historians to omit with courage. Compression however is not Mr. Lang's strong point. Even where, as in dealing with the Parliament (p. 147), he merely summarises the facts which he has elsewhere discussed in detail he fails to be either concise or complete. And it is natural that he should be even more discursive in unravelling the diplomacy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He has evidently devoted time and trouble to the work; and he is loth to conceal his erudition in the decent obscurity of an appendix. The error is very natural; but it is none the less regrettable. Mr. Lang will comfort himself by the reflection that he sins in good company. From the days of Thucydides there has always been the temptation to write histories which should be a cross between a work of art and a handbook for purposes of reference. But we shall be surprised if Mr. Lang has equally good precedents for other and more serious faults. The great historians are too frequently disjointed; but they make a shift to conceal the lack of organic unity behind a magnificent uniformity of style. Mr. Lang is so far from sharing in this merit that he has even failed to acquire the workmanlike and lucid manner which we expect in the ordinary text-book. A critic who enjoys so high a reputation should be of all men the last to irritate his audience by the use of adventitious ornaments which are as little germane to his subject as the stucco mouldings of the jerry-builder to suburban bricks and mortar. But he has committed this elementary blunder in innumerable instances. We find him introducing hackneyed epigrams on the most inappropriate occasions. That totems and taboos should creep into his pages is not altogether a surprise; and any writer who touches on the Highlands may be allowed a little license in respect of miracles and magic crystals and the second sight. But Mr. Lang has a trick of carrying this license to extremes. In his use of parallels and allusions he is only a shade less tiresome than the late Professor Freeman. He does not indeed give us anything so paradoxical as the famous comparisons of Earl Godwin to Leonidas and Mr. Gladstone. But we are invited to remark upon the strange coincidence that both Agricola and General Mackay employed Dutch soldiers in the Highlands. The Kelt pays dearly for his traditional mutability in being compared now to the Argives and the Spartans, now to Australian bushmen, and finally to the Incas of Peru. These arts of the higher journalism are out of place in a book of some considerable pretensions. They seem to show that Mr. Lang has not that absorbing interest in his subject without which no writer can attain to a more than qualified success. He admits as much in several passages. Certain episodes and personalities

have taken hold on his imagination. But he cannot acquiesce in any theory of continuous development, and he is too much inclined to envisage Scotland as a country lying on the outer fringe of European civilisation, and entirely dependent on extraneous influences for any progress which it makes within his period. Possibly he is right, but in that case we are surprised at his choice of a subject. However gross may be the blunders to which enthusiasm leads, a national historian will hardly prove inspiring unless he has a keen and almost an idolatrous appreciation of those peculiarities which differentiate his countrymen from all other peoples in the world.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND SPORT.

"Bullet and Shot: in Indian Forest, Plain and Hill." By C. E. M. Russell. London: Thacker and Co. 1900. 10s. 6d.

"Pictures of Travel, Sport and Adventure." By George Lacy ("The Old Pioneer"). London: Pearson. 1899. 15s.

"Notes on Sport and Travel." By George Henry Kingsley, with a Memoir by his daughter Mary H. Kingsley. London: Macmillan. 1899. 8s. 6d. net.

MR. RUSSELL'S book would have made more lively reading had he cast it in the shape of a consecutive narrative of personal experiences. Mr. Russell *chasse de race*: his father was a great hunter before him, and few men, we fancy, can speak with more knowledge of the wild sports of Southern India. There are innumerable volumes on the sport and game of the North, but those concerning Mysore and the Deccan may almost be counted on the fingers. Nothing on the Neilgherries as they once were has ever surpassed in spirit and vivid presentation "The Old Forest Ranger," which is now pre-historic: and we wish Mr. Russell with his exceptional knowledge of zoology and forestry had given us something in the form of Forsyth's "Highlands of Central India," though few can hope to rival that writer's charming style. Both Forsyth and Russell have followed the lordly bison, who travels straight ahead through thirsty solitudes when scared or wounded with equal perseverance: both have mastered, so far as possible, the wiles of the skulking tiger: and both have found their trackers among the forest tribes, with whom they have been long on familiar terms. But Mr. Russell has preferred to write a handbook—a sort of skeleton encyclopædia of all Indian sport. When so many books by specialists were available, it seems a mistake to include notices of animals which he has neither shot nor seen, and to carry us beyond the Himalayas into districts he has never visited. But after all, his method is his own affair and we have nothing but praise for his accuracy and for the value of his practical advice. He proves his scrupulousness by measuring his tigers so as to give the least sensational results, and nothing more need be said in his favour. Moreover, though the plums are unequally distributed, not a few of the chapters are very attractive reading, being full of exciting anecdote and picturesque reminiscences. As he lays the works of other writers under contribution—with acknowledgment—so he avails himself of the manifold experiences of friends; and his circle of sporting acquaintances is wide. Mr. Russell is a zealous sportsman, with the courage of his passion, and he thinks the time has come to do something towards the preservation of tigers. At all events, the rewards for their destruction should be abolished. "Tigers are even rarer than Nature requires them to be," and the reason is that native gunners have been killing down their natural prey: consequently the tiger turns cattle-killer: consequently the shikari has the chance of potting him over, his kill from an ambush giving absolute immunity from danger. All must at least admit that were the tiger to disappear, much of the romance of Indian sport would go with him. Mr. Russell has some very interesting remarks on the use of the ladder in South Indian tiger hunts, and his chapters on forest campaigning, camp equipment and sporting batteries deserve careful attention.

Mr. Lacy confesses himself a born vagabond,

and claims to have made an undeniable record in travel of all kinds by sea and land. The son of a London banker, he was sent early to the Cape, and assuredly was not born with the proverbial silver spoon. His chief business has been keeping body and soul together, and thanks to versatility and a strong dash of fatalism, he seems to have been fairly successful. What gives his book an interest at the present moment is that his experiences have been mainly in South Africa. What rather detracts from the interest is that his recollections go many years back. He shot elephants in the Transvaal, Matabeleland and Rhodesia when the Boers had barely trekked to the outskirts of civilisation. Big game still abounded in the Orange Free State: the rivers still swarmed with herds of sea-cows, and troops of the stately camelopard browsed in the mimosa groves of Natal. But when tired of sport he turned trader, and his stories of his dealings with the Boers are amusing. The trade waggons of those days were richly freighted, and once with a confiding partnership of inexperience he carried £3,000 worth of dry goods into the wilderness. Silk and laces, groceries, guns and powder formed the staple of the trade. Needless to say that the Boers had the best of it. They were as stiff and stolid in bargaining, as they have proved doggedly resolute in fighting. The fathers and their innumerable sons were filthy: the *vrouws* were frowsy and corpulent, but the witchery of the blue-eyed daughters was too much for the susceptible traders. Moreover these maidens had an unpleasant habit of thieving, and only smiled coquettishly when caught in the act. The wealthy Boers were as close-fisted as the poorest, but they would spend up to £100—bartering sheep and oxen—on finery for the females. It is curious at this time to note the names and small beginnings of places which will have a melancholy significance in Imperial history. In Dundee there were two hotels and a single house: the neighbourhood of the insignificant hamlet of Newcastle gave promise of the development of splendid coalfields, and we are told that the Tugela, which is described as a river of surpassing beauty, will rise 25 feet in two hours. That and the descriptions of the rough trekking over successive mountain ranges give some idea of the campaigning to which we stand committed.

"Concerning" Miss Kingsley's book,—to borrow a word from the rather pedantic heading of her earlier chapters, we can only say that it is long since we have come across so delightful a volume. Yet "Notes on Sport and Travel" seems a misnomer, picturesque and exciting reading as they are, for the real interest is in the disclosures of the sporting wanderer's strange personality. With all her affection and admiration, Miss Kingsley has depicted the most wayward of variously gifted men. Few can have more wantonly squandered remarkable talents or neglected more inviting opportunities in the well-trodden roads to success. Three of the brothers had a touch of the Bohemian in them. Charles let the steam escape in chivalrous and sensational romance: Henry went further afield to the Victorian gold diggings and on the German war trail: but George broke away altogether from the conventionalities and became a confirmed vagabond. Yet Johnson himself was hardly better fitted to grapple with libraries; and thanks to spasms of application and a tenacious memory, he had stored up rich treasures of recondite knowledge. The learned Hebraist and accomplished linguist was as keen a geologist as an angler: and the Dryasdust, who had strained his eyesight over musty tomes in the libraries of Lord Ellesmere or the Duke of Sutherland, could call to mind any scientific fact he wanted when commenting on glacier action in the Rockies or the formation of coral reefs. Consequently these travelling notes, dashed off with the lightest of pens, have a delightful literary and scientific flavour, without a trace of the pedant or the dogmatist. They range over all the continents and the seas that surround the continents: and where all are good and sparkling, it is difficult to make a selection. The descriptions of scenery have always an original freshness, for the writer sees everything with eyes of his own, and his points of vision are for ever changing from realities to dreamland. The closest of observers is essentially a

poet. But perhaps the most fascinating of these sketchy relics is "The Gossip on a Sutherland Hill-side," which emphatically illustrates the "many-mindedness" which his daughter attributes to him. He dilates on deer and hills and the hillmen in the vein of Scrope: he paints lurid sky-effects and light-flickers flashed back from the fogs, like Turner: he indulges himself in piquant digressions on archæology and antiquities: he is minute in his zoology as Gilbert White, and though a Southron he is sympathetically Scottish as Christopher North. Like Christopher, who shared his sporting tastes, he is always addicted to drollery, and if the humour is more subdued, it is the more irresistible. Nothing can be more effective, for example, than the drily ludicrous sketches of the Chollop-like types of the Wild West of America, of Buffalo Bill of Olympia celebrity, and of Gentleman Jim who did the honours of Colorado to Mrs. Bishop.

COUNTY NOTES.

"Nooks and Corners in Shropshire." By H. Thornhill Timmins. London: Elliot Stock. 1899. 21s. net.

"The Old Halls, Manors and Families of Derbyshire." By J. T. Vol. III. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1899. 21s.

"NOOKS and Corners of Shropshire" would be more accurately entitled "A Holiday Tour, Illustrated." The information it supplies is not of great historic value, the genealogy and archæology being derived apparently from printed books mostly of the guide-book class. The style is that of a traveller's notebook, and many loosely worded sentences would have been altered if the author had criticised his own notes. Had the work been intended as a serious contribution to antiquarian knowledge, it would have involved reference to authorities. Statements that Ordericus Vitalis was a native of Atcham, and that William Fitzalan Lord of Wroxeter presented the church thereof to the Monastery of Haughmond surely call for marginal notes. We observe that whenever the author wishes to convey the notion of antiquity in a family he describes its representative as "of that ilk," while Plowden of Plowden, the only family to which the designation could properly apply (if applicable to any English family), is not so described. We are informed that after many "vicissitudes the castle of Clun passed eventually to the present Duke of Norfolk," the author apparently being unaware that the Duke represents the Fitzalans. We have said enough to indicate that the book cannot claim any place in a serious library.

Nevertheless as a record for the writer and his friends of a pleasant pedestrian tour, as hint to others where to find scenery that is charming, and antiquities worthy of study; the book has its merit. The illustrations are pretty, but the index is deplorable, such names as Montgomery and Fitzalan being omitted. Mr. Timmins has however recorded one or two facts of considerable importance, e.g. in the parish register of Much Wenlock appears the note, that on 26 June An. 1 Elizabeth 1559, service was first celebrated in the English tongue. Possibly this means to indicate the first time after Queen Mary's reign, but if the note is correct in its full sense it implies that the Prayer-Book of King Edward had not been used in the parish, perhaps in itself not very improbable. We do not however perceive how this fact is consistent with the author's statement that the parish register of Langley dating from 1598 is the oldest in the county. In this connexion we would express the earnest hope that the movement now in progress to bring the English registers into adequate central custody may be successful, and that thus their historical assistance may be obtained for the public.

"The Old Halls, Manors and Families of Derbyshire, Scarsdale Hundred," forms the third volume of a series. The work is not archæological but purports to state events which affected particular buildings and the pedigrees of those to whom the buildings belonged. No adequate authorities for the pedigrees—which are in narrative form—are given, and the value of the work rests entirely on the authority of the author whose initials only are published.

Very great liberty is taken in the statement of facts. We are told, for example, that "the marriage of Thomas Wake and Blanche Plantagenet was evidently a love affair, for it gave great offence to Edward III., who sent for Wake, and fined him a thousand marks." This statement appears so strange to the antiquary, and so preposterous to the lawyer, that we have thought it well to examine the only real authority—Dugdale's Baronage—given by the author. There we ascertained that Wake was fined in the ordinary course, for refusing to marry the lady presented to him. Under the feudal law a minor's marriage was in the lord's gift, who was bound to present a lady of suitable rank. If the minor declined the marriage he forfeited the double avail, i.e. two years' rent. In this case Wake paid a thousand marks as part payment of his fine. He did in fact marry a lady named Blanche, but Dugdale's authority for her parentage is an inaccurate note from Leland's Itinerary, taken from a book of the genealogy of the Earls of Oxford from Noah! There undoubtedly exists evidence that Blanche was some relation of the House of Lancaster, but so far as the author is concerned there is no authority for his statement. Either he did not verify his quotations or he is unable to understand them. We are inclined to rate the historical value of the whole work by this example, and we cannot suppose the county of Derby to benefit much by this effort to describe its history.

BUDDHA'S DIALOGUES.

"Dialogues of the Buddha." Translated from the Pali by T. W. Rhys Davids. (Sacred Books of the Buddhists, edited by F. Max Müller, Vol. II.) London: Henry Frowde. 1899. 10s. 6d.

THIS is the second volume of the series of Buddhist Sacred Books which Professor Max Müller is editing under the substantial patronage of the King of Siam. No better translator could be selected than the Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, who is admittedly the best Pali scholar in England. And Mr. Rhys Davids has found a congenial task in rendering and annotating these ancient Dialogues, which preserve, to all appearance, the very earliest traditions of the disciples of the Buddha. The late Professor Bühler regarded these curious books as good evidence for the fifth or even the sixth century B.C. Mr. Rhys Davids believes that this will probably become the generally accepted opinion, and at all events expresses the conviction that the Nikayas, containing the Dialogues, are North Indian and pre-Asokan, i.e. before the third century B.C. His view of their origin is thus stated:—

"The Buddha, like other Indian teachers of his time, taught by conversation. A highly educated man (according to the education current at the time), speaking constantly to men of similar education, he followed the literary habit of his time by embodying his doctrines in set phrases, 'Sutras,' on which he enlarged on different occasions in different days. In the absence of books—for, though writing was known, the lack of writing materials made any lengthy written books impossible—such 'Sutras' were the recognised form of preserving and communicating opinion. These particular ones were not in Sanskrit, but in the ordinary conversational idiom of the day, that is to say, in a sort of Pali. When the Buddha died, these sayings were collected by his disciples into the 'Four Great Nikayas.' They cannot have reached their final form till about fifty years afterwards. . . . For a generation or two the books as originally put together were handed down by memory. And they were doubtless accompanied from the first, as they were being taught, by a running commentary. About one hundred years after the Buddha's death, there was a schism in the community. Each of the two schools kept an arrangement of the canon—still in Pali (or possibly some allied dialect). . . . Even as late as the first century after the Christian era, at the Council of Kanishka, these books, among many others then extant, remained the only authorities. But they all, except only our present Pali 'Nikayas,' have been lost in India."

The unique position of these interesting texts, and their great antiquity, give a peculiar value to the light

they shed upon the early social, religious, and political life of India. The form of the Dialogues is no doubt wearisome to the Western reader; but one must not forget that set phrases and formulas and frequent verbal repetitions were necessary in a system of teaching which had to be committed to memory. Apart from the tautology and tediousness of expression, the Dialogues are of surpassing interest. The Buddha puts himself in the place of his interlocutor, argues against himself as fairly as he can, and then demolishes his argument to the conviction of his hearers, with remarkable dialectic skill. Of course he always gets the best of the argument, but he seems to try to put his opponent's case in a reasonable light. Some of the thirteen "Suttas" comprising the volume deal with matters of the deepest spiritual import—on "Union with God," on "the Arahāt, the true Brahman," on the soul, and trance; others describe the true ascetic life, as practised by the Buddha and his disciples, which did not relate only to the outside of the cup and platter; others again lay down rules of conduct in regard to luxuries and amusements. It is curious to find among the games to which "some recluses and Brahmins continue addicted," but from which "Gotama the recluse holds aloof," such items as "games on boards with eight or with ten squares," an early reference to chess or draughts; "the same games played by imagining such boards in the air," which is very like blindfold chess; "keeping going over diagrams drawn on the ground, so that one steps only where one ought to go," which recalls hop-scotch; "either removing the pieces or men from a heap, or putting them into a heap, in each case without shaking it: he who shakes the heap loses," where spillikins is obvious, "hitting a short stick with a long one," doubtless tip-cat; "playing with toy windmills, toy ploughs, toy carts or bows," &c. The Indian boy of (say) the 5th century B.C. evidently understood games. Nor were their superstitious practices unlike our own, but much more various. Besides palmistry, fortune-telling, thought-reading, interpretation of dreams, making of charms, &c., they had a number of "low arts" of a more occult nature. They drew auguries from marks gnawed by mice in cloth, drew blood from the right knee, used incantations to cause lockjaw, extracted oracles from the magic mirror, and had a variety of other useful devices. It will be seen that we have here not only the earliest traditional record of the viva voce teaching of the Buddha, but also a vivid commentary on the manners and customs of his time. Mr Rhys Davids' introductions to the several Suttas and his footnotes leave little to be desired. The book is addressed to his scholars, but the large body of educated folk who have been fascinated by the character and religion of the Buddha will find much here to improve their knowledge and strengthen their admiration of the great Indian teacher; and the time may come when the Dialogues of the Buddha may take a place near the Dialogues of Plato.

VERSE BOOKS.

"Betwixt Two Seas." By Violet Fane. London: Nimmo. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

"Florilegium Latinum" (Pre-Victorian Poets). Edited by F. St. J. Thackeray and E. D. Stone. London: Lane. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.

THE poems luxuriously collected under the title of "Betwixt Two Seas" have some adventitious interest perhaps, but their intrinsic merits are slight. In verses written in the purple East and more or less concerned with massacre there should at any rate be scope for lines of the realistic order, good for a shudder or two. The least one can ask is to be slightly harrowed. It is disappointing to find that in these verses force is conspicuously wanting. Take the tale "Told to the Doctor" for example. The possibilities for descriptive rhyme, to say nothing of poetry, are unlimited, yet the tale is told with utter absence of vigour and our spirits escape the very mildest of depression. Much better in their own way are the most trivial pieces, where the writer is obviously less out of her element. Her

technique is all right, the lines run smoothly and seldom jar the ear:—

"Oh, rooks that look like English rooks,
And whirl against the grey!
Oh, skies that look like English skies,
Two thousand miles away!"

For pleasant trifles in this strain, suitable for the better class of illustrated magazine, she has distinct vocation, and would do well not to exceed it.

It is refreshing to turn to a very different field where one has at least some guarantee of fitness in those who write. "Florilegium Latinum" strikes us on the whole as a very attractive collection of Latin verse, which should do something to dissipate the notion that such exercises are nowadays effete. The English excerpts for translation are chosen with some care and in fact make up a pretty anthology by themselves. The editors in their selection have clearly borne in mind that a great deal of English poetry, owing to loose or metaphorical expression, simply cannot be turned. In this work the lyrical metres appear to be specially cultivated. To single out pieces where so many competent hands have been busy would be invidious, but such graceful versions from Herrick as those of his "Primrose" and "To Blossoms" may stand as examples of much that is pleasing. One or two elegiac renderings of "Sonnets of Shakespeare," which abound of course in cruxes for the versifier, are neat. Here and there one may take exception. We refuse for instance to believe that "cara germina Mai" is an adequate turn for "the darling buds of May;" we doubt if the Latin has distinct meaning at all. One is reminded of the pentameter

"Ad tumuli fauces ducit honoris iter,"

professing to be Latin for

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

That is an unusually patent case, but verse composition is full of similar pitfalls. How far a particular version avoids them is often matter of opinion merely. We shall look with interest for the second "Florilegium," which is to consist of translations from the Victorian poets. If some of our poetasters would try to turn their productions into Latin verse, and so be compelled to find out what they precisely mean, the effect in the clearing of their wits might be salutary.

DR. BARRY'S NEW NOVEL AND OTHERS.

"Arden Massiter." By Dr. William Barry. London: Unwin. 1900. 6s.

They who were disappointed with "The Two Standards" will be surprised by "Arden Massiter," which is a true and living romance. Dr. Barry has a sense of the beautiful in many kinds—in character, in landscape, in the lines of a face, the sound of a voice—and he has the power to communicate what he feels. More than that he has the art to construct a story that leads without flagging through many scenes of excitement to a high-strung close. One may say that it touches on melodrama, but the truth is, as Dr. Barry insists again and again and as any traveller can see for himself, that Italy is the land of stage effect. All the familiar backgrounds, all the picturesque costumes, all the theatrical motives, come to us, as the stage comes, from the South and they are still close to the life they espied. It needs no profound study of the journals to see that the Mafia and the Camorra are living powers, organisms which like the germs of a disease have fastened on the new in Italy while they still rankle in the old. For the life which gives to Dr. Barry the setting for his moving scenes—the life of an old Italian family still rules in their castle on the Volscian hills, defiant of the new order, impotent to assert the old, yet still capable of throwing up individual beauty and talent—that is a life which the English tourist does not see but it lends its inspiration to-day to D'Annunzio's romances. And the wealthy Englishman, socialist by conviction, aristocrat by sympathy, makes such a link as might naturally enough have brought into contact the underground powers of anarchic conspiracy, half sedition half brigandage, with the superb phantom of Rome's untransacting nobility. At least there is nothing in the story, vehement and bloody though many of its passages may be, that revolts our sense of probability;

and we have read no book since "John Inglesant" that conveys so well the fascination which Italy and above all Rome exercises upon imaginative Englishmen.

"A Martial Maid." By Anne Elliott. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1900. 6s.

It will be remembered that the "anagnorisis"—the recognition of the hero—was such an essential feature in the ordinary Greek play that Aristotle felt himself compelled to lay down rules for its handling by the dramatist. There is need of an English Aristotle to instruct the countless novelists who make their stories centre round the discovery of a missing heir. Had Miss Elliott been able to consult such a counsellor, she would doubtless have evolved a more possible plot, and "A Martial Maid" would have been a success. For the people who move through the maze are quite real, and their author gives evidence of insight and humour. The unconventional Australian girl who turns up in a sleepy English village equipped with a small ward and a complete contempt of the laws of evidence makes a very pleasing heroine, and Miss Elliott shows skill in her development of the characters affected by the claimants' appearance. But really publishers should take example by Government offices, and appoint legal advisers.

"At the World's Mercy." By Maxwell Gray. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

This collection of short stories and fairly short stories will not do much for the author's reputation one way or the other. The first in the book has a grimly humorous situation in it, but one cannot escape a conviction that the humour was not intended. Isabel Arnott has deserted her tippling but warm-hearted husband for the admirable Arthur Hedley. When, in his turn, this highly unpleasant person suggests deserting her in favour of the conventional marriage, a really funny bit of dialogue follows. "Traitor, traitor!" remarks the lady, "we sinned? Oh, yes; indeed, we both sinned; but only I suffered, only I suffer. I always suffer," and so forth. To which Mr. Hedley replies: "Dear Isabel, you are, indeed, most unfortunate!" The other tales are pretty but shallow and rather commonplace.

"Marvels and Mysteries." By Richard Marsh. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

Says one of Mr. Marsh's puppets of another:—"He had such a horrible way of telling what I saw bade fair to be a 'horrible tale' that I should have been glad if he had paused for good." We are tempted to paraphrase the words and apply the result to the author. But we must be fair. Mr. Marsh has in these nine short stories shown much cleverness. In two instances in particular (it is a pity these lapses from the blood-curdling were more frequent in his volume) he has displayed genuine humour. "Marvels and Mysteries," however, as a whole may take its place on the shelf beside Poe's "Tales of Terror."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The History of 'Punch.'" By M. H. Spielmann. London: Cassell.

This well-known book was originally published in 1895 in a large-paper edition. It is now reissued as a supplement to the twenty-five volumes of "The First Fifty Years of 'Punch': 1841-1891" printed by the proprietors of "Punch" from their original plates and offered to purchasers by the "Times" on subscription terms similar to those upon which they supplied their well-known reprint of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." This reproduction of Mr. Spielmann's history is of the same size as the original issue and on equally good paper, and it contains the same illustrations, suppressed designs, portraits, facsimiles of autographs and other literary curiosities associated with "Punch;" for instance the cipher signatures of the artists. A series of "Punch" for fifty years is a possession which most people are glad to have but as it is not possible to obtain from the "Punch" publishers a set of the first fifty years files as they are out of print the "Times" is supplying the deficiency at a price which is only about a half that at which they could otherwise be purchased. That and other details are to be found in the prospectus of the "Times," and all we need mention is that Mr. Spielmann's History is included in the terms of this "Punch" reissue. However interesting it may be to possess the volumes of "Punch" in themselves, they can only be thoroughly appreciated when the reader is acquainted with the historical, literary, artistic, social and biographical associations

which crowd around them, and to these this History is an invaluable key.

"Pen and Pencil Sketches of Shipping and Craft all round the World." By R. T. Pritchett. London: Arnold. 1899. 10s. 6d.

Beginning with the old sailing ship "Royal George"—the royal yacht on the accession to the throne of Her Majesty Queen Victoria—the author-artist passes in review a most diverse assortment of craft common to home and foreign waters—vessels and boats peculiar to Spain and Portugal, Turkey and Egypt, Ceylon and India, Burmah and China, and even the antipodes. Mr. Pritchett is "Marine Painter to the Royal Thames Yacht Club" and the artistic merit of the illustrations in this book calls for no further remark than that in the process of reproduction such care has evidently been taken that fidelity of detail is preserved. As for the letterpress, while doing no more than touch upon the fringe of each subject, the author has managed to include in a very small space a truly astonishing amount of useful information. The book will prove useful for reference; to the travelled man, most pleasantly reminiscent; to the general reader, entertaining and instructive.

"A Concordance to Fitzgerald's Translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." By J. R. Tutin. London: Macmillan. 1900. 8s. 6d. net.

It is not obvious why a concordance should be made to Fitzgerald's Omar. Such a publication suggests the working of a good vein to the very uttermost or more so. However it is well that even superfluous books should be good; and, judging from the examination we have given this book, it is good. Its exterior is certainly good, the design being the same as that of the very charming, in fact ideal reprint of Fitzgerald's four editions published by Messrs. Macmillan towards the end of last year.

"Mr. Thomas Atkins." By E. J. Hardy, M.A. London: Unwin. 1900. 6s.

Many works dealing with soldier life have already appeared, and the one now before us hardly increases our practical information on the matter. The author too might have avoided a title which renders it obligatory upon him to preface his book with an apology. He certainly understands his subject, however, as might be supposed from his position as Chaplain of the Forces, and though no novel points are brought forward, and no special remedies are suggested for the shortcomings of barrack life, Mr. Hardy's well-known skill in appealing to popular taste avails him here also on a subject whose interest is as yet far from exhausted.

"The Dome." Vol. V. November, December 1899 and January. London: Unicorn Press. 1900. A new volume of this clever and quaintly unconventional magazine which does not lose its interest as most magazines do with the expiry of the month in which it appears; it is a charming volume to have in one's keeping.—"Bell's Cathedral Series." Bell and Sons. 1900. "The Cathedral Church of S. Paul." By Arthur Dimock. "The Cathedral Church of Carlisle." By C. King Eley. These are the two most recent additions to this excellent series of Cathedral handbooks which have thoroughly established their reputation as guides to the archaeological, architectural, historical, and religious stories of our cathedrals.—"The Concise English Dictionary." By Charles Annandale. Blackie: London. 1900. 3s. 6d. One of the most complete single-volume dictionaries; issued now at a reduced price, and for all everyday practical purposes admirably useful, but we do not see why it was necessary to make the outside so ugly with its lurid red of binding and stained leaves and its black "relief" combination of French windows and playing cards.

The "Larger Temple" edition of Shakespeare (London: Dent. 10 vols. 4s. 6d. net per vol. 1900) edited by Israel Gollancz is compiled largely from Messrs. Macmillan's "Cambridge" edition, but contains illustrations and notes special to itself, whilst its general appearance is characteristic of Messrs. Dent's works. The type is bold, the volumes are light and the edition will be accorded a ready welcome on bookshelves to which Shakespeare in other forms is not a stranger.

THE APRIL REVIEWS.

THERE is a grim earnestness about the April Reviews which is but slightly relieved by such articles as "A Comic Chesterfield" by Mr. John Buchan in "Blackwood's," "The Autocrat of the Dinner Table"—John Selden—by Mr. Herbert Paul in the "Nineteenth Century," "The Ethics of Editing" (according to the writer Mr. H. W. Massingham almost an impossible if not an unknown quantity), and "John Ruskin" by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the "National" or "The House of Molière" by Mr. Garrett Fisher in the "Fortnightly." The war and little but the war is the concern of the more stately monthlies. We fear that if we had to sum up the general effect of many excellent articles we should do so in the words of Mr. Lilly's title in the "Nineteenth Century"—"The Parlous State of England." It is not only that on the showing of some of our unofficial exports England is badly prepared to

meet any new crisis, but that foreign Powers are busy perfecting schemes which assuredly do not imply particular friendliness or new security for England. In the "Fortnightly" Dr. Karl Blind explains Germany's naval ambitions and the efforts she is making to realise them; in "Blackwood's" an anonymous contributor describes what Russia is doing, in hot haste apparently, to increase her sea-power. Having mastered the facts contained in these papers we turn to Mr. H. W. Wilson in the "Nineteenth" to discover his answer to the question "Are we misled about the fleet?" He gravely assures us that no navy contains so high a percentage of inefficient vessels as our own. No other navy "parades thirty or forty-year-old ironclads, armed with muzzle-loaders, in its returns, as if they were of any serious value for war. How is the man in the street to know that of the fifty-three completed British battleships which appear in our latest return sixteen or seventeen are in an ineffective state?"

Whilst the position as regards the navy is thus unsatisfactory the position of the army is even worse. Mr. Arnold-Forster in the same review criticises the proposals of the Government with a view to military reform and recommends the appointment of an Admiralty official to assist the War Office in grappling with the great problems to be faced. Mr. Wilson's paper is the best commentary on the suggestion. Major Arthur Griffiths in the "Fortnightly" emphasises some of the more pressing of our military needs, and does not hesitate to expose our nakedness because "we need hardly fear" that any blow will be struck by our enemies immediately. He trusts to our good luck to see us through our present difficulties. In the meantime his suggestions together with those of Sir George Sydenham Clarke in the "Nineteenth" should be carefully considered by all concerned in Imperial defence. Sir George Clarke indicates a scheme which would enable the army and the navy to take "proper precautions for Imperial safety." His object is to supply a basis for framing an organization which would alike render our Empire secure from aggression and provide us with a formidable force for counter-attack. It is a little surprising to discover that Major Arthur Griffiths is opposed to conscription. He urges that everything possible should be done to bring the auxiliary forces into closer touch with the regulars before the question of compulsory service is even thought of. By "attraction" he thinks sufficient fighting material for Imperial purposes is to be got. "Attraction" can only mean that the burden of the army on the nation is to become greater than ever, and refusal to depart in any degree from our present system renders it inevitable that a large amount of valuable fighting material will run to waste. Conscription in the Continental sense is not desirable in England, but the youth of the country might with advantage undergo a compulsory process of training so that in a national crisis men would not be ignorant equally of discipline and the way to handle a rifle. Mr. Lilly contends that it is impossible "to improvise an army," and that our auxiliary forces are "an unorganised multitude." "Without discipline, training and proper equipment the efforts of a body of men with arms in their hands—however numerous and brave and patriotic—are worthless against regular troops." The Boers have shown us what "an unorganised multitude" can do. What they have done and are doing, Englishmen need not despair of attempting, but the one chance they would have of emulating and improving on Boer efforts in the field would be supplied by a certain amount of preliminary training. M. Jean de Bloch's idea, expounded with variations in the "Contemporary," that war in the future is practically out of the question is that of a dreamer. He seems to think we should not have gone into the present war if we had realised what it would cost in blood and treasure to attain results altogether disproportionate. But to take that view is to suggest that the British people are not prepared to resist and punish the invader. The war was not of British seeking. When M. de Bloch points out the advantage which the defence has over the attack, he affords the strongest reason we can discover why every Englishman should be subjected to just so much training as will enable him to take his place in a trench or behind a breastwork. Before the war, artillery was expected to accomplish much that experience proves it cannot do. The comparatively light losses sustained by the Boers in face of the excellent practice made by British gunners has been in the nature of a revelation. Mr. H. W. Wilson in the "National" claims that the net result of the war has been "a blow to Germany." It relieves France of "that nightmare of invasion from which she has suffered for the last thirty years." It should also relieve Germany of any serious apprehensions that France may plunge into la revanche.

Who is to pay for the war? is the blunt but business-like question asked by the Earl of Camperdown in the "Nineteenth Century." It is a question covered by "Coloniensis" in the "National" in a general survey of the coming settlement. Can we compel the Boers to recoup us for the outlay which is directly traceable to their action? If Mr. William Hoskin's estimate in the "Fortnightly" is correct—and as chairman of both the Uitlander Council and of the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce Mr. Hoskin ought to be an authority—the Transvaal can be comfortably administered for 1½ millions sterling per annum whereas its revenue in 1897-8 amounted to nearly 5 millions. The Transvaal and Free State as states possess con-

siderable property in the shape of railways and lands all capable of being turned into hard cash or of earning money to pay interest on debts. The resources of the two countries should therefore be ample for all purposes. Whatever the immediate future of the Transvaal and the Free State may be, ultimately no doubt they will form part of a federal South Africa. Mr. E. Dicey in the "Fortnightly" tells the story of Lord Carnarvon's well-intentioned but wholly futile attempt to make Mr. J. A. Froude the instrument of South African federation and advocates anew the federal union of the Colonies and States between the Zambesi and the Cape. But the movement must proceed on lines strictly in accordance with South African ideas. "Coloniensis" says that federation must be a lengthy process and forced federation should be avoided. Otherwise we shall find ourselves in a position as unwelcome as that in which the Mother-country found herself in dealing with the American Colonies. Mr. Bolton King in the "Contemporary" amuses himself by trying to prove that the Whigs in the last century were the friends of the Colonies and would have saved them to the Empire but for the wicked Tories: if his article is intended to serve the cause of Liberal Imperialism he mistakes the temper of the time. What the modern Tory has been to colonial loyalists Mr. W. Sichel's brief article in "Blackwood" on Lord Beaconsfield amply shows. What is true of South Africa and was no doubt true of the American colonies is true of the Empire to-day. Mr. George Peel's notes on the veldt in the "National" remind us of the propensity of the Dutch for sitting on the hedge and conclude with a warning as to the ability of the House of Commons to rule an Empire it does not represent. "The great question facing the English people is not the African Constitution but—their own." The problem of Imperial Federation has never been so ripe for treatment as it is to-day. The Colonies have helped England with their arms; "can she not" asks "Blackwood" "make use of their heads also?" That is the question.

We always feel inclined to warn readers that the "Anglo-Saxon Review" has nothing to do with the early history of the English language as they might suppose from the title; on the analogy of "The Classical Review" for example. It is not edited by Professor Skeat but by Lady Randolph Churchill and a portrait of the Editor appears on the front page. We hope this example will not lead other editors to adorn their magazines similarly. It is quite non-Anglo-Saxon. Then too it would look less obtrusively egotistical if the contributors' names did not appear at the top of the pages. The Italian binding furnishes matter for an article. Mr. Poulteney Bigelow writes about American, English, and Transvaal soldiers and Mr. C. W. Boyd about Pretoria. Mr. Herbert Paul writes cleverly and pleasantly as he does in other magazines about Macaulay. There is a play by Mrs. W. K. Clifford in four acts. The kind of articles Mr. Archer and Lady Jeune write are familiar. Lady Dorothy Nevill's reminiscences of Lord Beaconsfield are amusing. There are some other contributions but the chief distinction of the Review is its binding.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

La Romance du Temps Présent. By Léon Daudet. Paris: Charpentier. 1900. 3f. 50c.

François Albenave, the hero of M. Daudet's new novel, is a selfish, cynical, and conceited young littérateur who has tired of the joys of life. This is apparent at the opening when he and his equally blasé friend, Robert de Sevigny, are seen sauntering together by the side of the Seine towards Suresnes. They discuss their mistresses, condemning their faults. François is weary of Blanche, whereas Robert would offer her his protection. François says: "You will have her one of these days, I suppose." And Robert "supposes so," also. There is no modesty about the couple. Suddenly, a startling vision appears; a young girl, Jacquemine. She belongs to a neighbouring and poverty-stricken cottage. She is very beautiful; and she is young. François worships her at once. She is so different from the demi-mondaine. He dines that night with Blanche; but thinks only of Jacquemine. He returns to the cottage; and succeeds in speaking to Jacquemine. He is fascinated; and he is determined to make a mistress of Jacquemine. She, superior to her drunken and dissolute old father, loves nature and music and flowers. She, at once impressionable, falls in love with François after a time, and consents to live with him. And so Blanche is abandoned; and so François and Jacquemine go off together; and so her disreputable old father is packed off to an inebriates' home where, after a while, he dies. Of course François is happy—for it is a new experience for the littérateur whose life has been fast and whose companions hitherto have belonged to the false and feverish demi-monde. And pining, like all exhausted viveurs, for peace, he accepts the invitation of Mathias Gilbert, a distinguished playwright, to join a colony of writers that has settled under Gilbert's guidance in Brittany. Jacquemine goes too; happy, healthy days by the seashore follow. Poets, playwrights, and critics form a pleasant party. And François' love for Jacquemine seems to be really true when Blanche suddenly appears upon the scene, and declares that her passion for the littérateur has in no way diminished and keeps him (though he does not resist) in a country inn for

(Continued on page 436.)

METROPOLITAN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1835.

Conducted on the Mutual Principle for the benefit of the Policy-holders alone.

STRONG RESERVES. LOW EXPENSE RATE.

ALL SURPLUS APPLIED IN REDUCTION OF PREMIUM.

No Agents employed.

For Prospectus, &c., apply to THE ACTUARY.

OFFICES: 13 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Scottish Provident Institution.

(ESTABLISHED 1837.)

MUTUAL ASSURANCE WITH MODERATE PREMIUMS.

Accumulated Funds, £11,300,000.

The Surplus at last Investigation was £1,423,000.

More than One-half of the Members who died during last Septennial period were entitled to **Bonuses** which, notwithstanding that the Premiums do not as a rule exceed the non-profit rates of other Offices, were, on the average, equal to an addition of about 50 per cent. to their Policies.

LONDON: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED).

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848.

INVESTED FUNDS..... £37,000,000.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

FIRE. Est. 1803.—1 Old Broad Street, E.C.; 22 Pall Mall, S.W.; and 47 Chancery Lane, W.C. Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

Ten years ago a well-known English Banker wrote:—

"I had no intention of Insuring my Life, but it seems to me now that your plan as to Policies is as good a way of Saving Money as any other."

This gentleman now writes:—

"I have pleasure in stating that I am well satisfied with the results of my Insurance in the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK."

Before insuring elsewhere, ascertain what

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK

CAN DO FOR YOU.

ESTD. 1843. President, RICHARD A. McCURDY. ESTD. 1843.

The distinctive Investment Advantages offered may be inferred from the fact that, of the total payments made by the MUTUAL LIFE, exceeding £105,000,000, over £80,000,000 Sterling has been paid to Living Policyholders.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS, Nearly £252,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM:

16, 17 & 18 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.

Incorporated A.D. 1720.

CHIEF OFFICE: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS IN HAND, £24,400,000.

CLAIMS PAID, £39,000,000.

FIRE.

INSURANCES ARE GRANTED AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE on Property of almost every description, at moderate rates.

LIFE.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE IS TRANSACTED. Absolute Security. Large Bonuses. Moderate Premiums.

ACCIDENTS AND EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY.

Insurances against Employer's Liability and Personal Accidents are now granted. Bonuses on Accident Policies allowed to Life Policy-holders and Total Abstainers.

Apply for full Prospectus to W. N. WHYMPER, Secretary.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE,

50 Regent Street, W., and 14 Cornhill, E.C., London.

FOUNDED 1807.

THE PREMIUM INCOME of this Office is derived from Home business only, no foreign risks being undertaken.

THE PAYMENTS MADE FOR LOSSES amount to £5,000,000. Damage by Lightning and Explosion of Coal Gas made good.

FORMS OF PROPOSAL and full particulars as to Rates and the Advantages offered by the COUNTY may be obtained on application to the Company's Agents.

G. W. STEVENS, } Joint Secretaries.
G. E. RATLIFF, }

SUN LIFE OFFICE

1810-1900.

"Protection not Speculation"

LIFE OR ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES

WITH

"PERFECT PROTECTION" BENEFITS.

Apply for Particulars of above New Scheme and last Report of the Society, to the GENERAL MANAGER, 63 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

LIFE. ANNUITIES. ACCIDENTS.

GRESHAM LIFE OFFICE

ASSETS, £7,000,000.

Established 1848.

NOVEL and ATTRACTIVE forms of ASSURANCE, APPEALING SPECIALLY to those who desire to combine INVESTMENT with FAMILY PROVISION.

PROSPECTUS containing full Table of Rates for the above, and other new features, on application to

JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager and Secretary,

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

The Gresham Life Assurance Society, Limited.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

(FOUNDED 1806.)

50 REGENT ST., W., & 14 CORNHILL, E.C.

IMPROVED SYSTEM OF BONUS DISTRIBUTION.

Children's Endowments Payable at Age 21.

FINANCIAL POSITION, 1900:

Invested Funds	£3,271,694
Annual Income	£354,425
Bonuses Declared exceed	£3,784,000
Claims and Surrenders Paid	£11,188,500
Half Profits reserved in 1898	£299,001

Prospectus and full information on application.

THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE. LIFE. ENDOWMENTS. ANNUITIES.

Invested Funds - - - £9,695,359.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

BONUSES LARGE, either in Cash or Additions to Sums Assured.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected on most favourable terms.

HEAD OFFICES:

1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL; 7 CORNHILL, LONDON.

hours. Robert—who discovers this—comes down to fight a duel; it passes off pleasantly, however, and so Robert satisfies himself by attacking François in his paper. Jacquemine, fortunately, does not hear of the thing. After a while, Mathias Gilbert's colony breaks up; and François and Jacquemine visit the littérateur's mother, a pious lady, who is anxious to see her son's mistress and to talk with her and to make a religious sister of her. She fails; then François and Jacquemine return to Paris, and the story of their liaison is brought abruptly to a close. And no doubt this was the wisest course for M. Daudet to pursue: for Jacquemine was deserving of a better man and her life with François could never last; he would weary of her as he wearied of others and selfishly and cruelly abandon her. When François and Jacquemine are alone, M. Daudet's story is charming; but those surrounding them possess neither principles nor character. Still, the book is powerful and interesting; while parts of it are even brilliantly written.

Au Milieu du Chemin. By Edouard Rod. Paris: Charpentier. 1900. 3f. 50c.

The day will come when M. Edouard Rod will win as proud a position in the fields of French literature as that of M. Anatole France. He is always regarded as one of the foremost novelists in France; and "*Au Milieu du Chemin*" will add greatly to his brilliant reputation. Clarendé, his chief character, is a successful playwright; but his pieces have always been of the sensational and passionate kind so popular with the bourgeoisie. He has begun to feel that they must have a harmful influence on emotional and sensitive spectators, when he learns with a frightful shock that a young girl has committed suicide after a scene with her lover and that beside her was found his latest play. Clarendé then hurries to the home of her parents, where he learns that the daughter had a liaison with a married man and that she had died because she could never hope to become his wife. And here, Clarendé recognises the plot of his latest work. The lover turns out to be his greatest friend and, in a fine scene, gives vent to his grief. Gloom settles upon him; and finally Clarendé persuades him to rest awhile in the country where, however, he goes insane. Clarendé cares for him, then brings him back to Paris. There, his wife nurses him until he dies. And Clarendé, convinced that his influence on the multitude is mischievous, resolves to abandon sensational themes and to occupy himself only with the brighter and better sides of life. Here, unfortunately, it is impossible to do justice to M. Rod's powerful and absorbing book. Clarendé is the most successful of his recent studies; each character is complete, and the many striking scenes that follow one another are written in M. Rod's most brilliant and vivid style.

Une Garce. By Albert Boissière. Paris: Charpentier. 1900. 3f. 50c.

Novels in difficult dialect are not popular in Paris; but M. Boissière's scenes of fishing-life about Dieppe are so vividly portrayed that they alone should draw attention to his book. Of plot, there is very little. M. Boissière attempts no more than to give an impression of the moods and manners of fishing-folk; but succeeds most admirably. *La Marinette*, a shrill and dishevelled woman; François, her husband; Halleux, a poacher; the Mardecs, Bretons, all are capital and convincing "types." Amidst this roughness, Clémence, a singularly attractive young girl, stands out. And although many a tragedy takes place, bright and amusing passages are to be encountered here and there.

Histoire de la Littérature Française. Depuis les origines jusqu'à nos jours. By Émile Faguet. Paris: Plon. 1900. 2 volumes. 12f.

This is a scholarly and masterly work. Although it seems impossible to present a satisfactory account and criticism of French literature from its origin until the present day in only two volumes, M. Émile Faguet has nevertheless accomplished that enormous task. The first volume opens with an account of the literature of the Middle Ages, tracing its growth and changes step by step. But to the ordinary reader, the second volume which deals with the principal books and writers of the seventeenth and succeeding centuries will probably prove still more interesting. Admirable are the chapters on George Sand, Victor Hugo, and Balzac; while they who examine the works of realists like Flaubert, Théophile Gautier, Maupassant, the de Goncourts and Zola are further evidence of M. Faguet's extraordinary critical skill. Portraits and autographs abound all of them reproduced artistically and clearly. We have no hesitation in recommending this work to all students of French literature: a work which will be accepted by all scholars with lively satisfaction, a work which, by itself, would entitle M. Faguet to the fauteuil he has just taken possession of in the French Academy.

Notes sur l'Inde. By Prince Bojdar Karageorgevitch. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 4f.

It is long since we have encountered so pleasant a book of travel. As a rule, wanderers would constitute themselves explorers and reformers, and no matter how well known the country, no matter how ordinary the customs, indulge in pompous reflections and absurd suggestions. Prince Karageorgevitch, however, is content to remain a close observer, with

the result that these notes on India make pleasant and refreshing reading. He has seen much, and understood his atmosphere. Bombay, Madras, Benares, Lucknow, Delhi, and Agra are among the many beautiful and varied cities he has visited; and he has an original account of each to offer. Whenever the author turns from scenery to solemnity, it is to admire the administrative abilities of the Government and to hold up the English system of colonisation as an example to be imitated.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 1 Avril, 1900.

"*L'Armée Anglaise peinte par Kipling*" by M. Bentzon is a temperate but critical review of Kipling's works so far as they relate to the British army. Mr. Kipling, he says, was born a journalist and his gifts are the journalist's gifts raised to their highest denominator. He will found no school, he lives for the moment alone and often that moment were; better left unrecorded. The Frenchman concludes "*Cette peinture des mœurs brutales d'une soldatesque coloniale qui a pour patrie 'la moitié de la terre' . . . est au fond triste et amère. . . . Chez nous, Dieu merci, le soldat c'est la France entière et cette raison doit suffire pour qu'on le respecte et qu'on l'aime.*" If our soldiers were as Kipling loves to make them, who could say this criticism was unjust?

Revue Britannique. 28 Mars. 5f.

M. Courrière has not yet brought his exhaustive analysis of Robespierre to a close; but his third instalment is as interesting and instructive as the second and first. True to its traditions, the "*Revue Britannique*" criticises an English book at length—this time, "*Stories of the Streets of London*" by H. Barton Baker; and again we have to congratulate the author of the article on his knowledge of the subject. Reviews such as these are rarely to be encountered in French magazines.

For This Week's Books see page 438.

NOTICES.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
One Year ...	1 8 2	1 10 4
Half Year ...	0 14 1	0 15 2
Quarter Year ...	0 7 1	0 7 7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Publisher would be glad to be informed immediately.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is on sale at the following places abroad:—

PARIS The Galignani Library, 224 Rue de Rivoli.
" Messrs. Boyveau & Chevillet, 22 Rue de la Banque.
" Le Kiosque Michel, Boulevard des Capucines.
" Le Kiosque Duperron, Boulevard des Capucines.
" Kiosque 172 (Terminus) Rue St. Lazare.
BRUSSELS Messrs. G. Lebeque et Cie, 46 Rue de la Madeleine.
BERLIN W. H. Kuhl, Jägerstrasse 73.
VIENNA Messrs. Gerold & Co., 8 Stefansplatz.
BUDA-PESTH A. Lappert.
ROME Messrs. Loescher & Co., Corso 307.
MADRID Libreria Gutenberg, Plaza de Santa Ana 13.
CONSTANTINOPLE Otto Kell, 457 Grande Rue de Pétra.
HOMBURG Schick's Library.
CAIRO The Anglo-American Bookselling Depot.
NEW YORK The International News Company, 83 & 85 Duane St.
BOSTON, MASS. (U.S.A.) Messrs. Darnell & Upham, 283 Washington Street.
TORONTO, CANADA The Toronto News Company, 44 Yonge Street.
" The Harold Wilson Company, 35 King Street West.
MONTREAL, CANADA The Montreal News Company, 386 St. James's Street.

"The standard of highest purity."—*The Lancet.*

Cadbury's

COCOA

Absolutely Pure—therefore Best.

Free from Drugs, Alkali, or any foreign admixture.

When asking for Cocoa insist on having CADBURY'S—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other Cocos are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.

On receipt of Post Card giving name and address, and mentioning the "SATURDAY REVIEW,"

A FREE SAMPLE

of Cocoa will be sent by CADBURY BROTHERS, Limited, Bournville, near Birmingham.

A REVOLUTION IN FURNISHING BY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.



Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P.,
in *TRUTH*, writes:—
"NORMAN & STACEY have introduced in their business an ingenious safeguard against the risk of loss to his widow or family through the death of the hirer. They give an insurance upon his life, so that if, for instance, a man gets £200 worth of furniture on the hire-purchase system, and dies when instalments to the amount of £100 have been paid, not only does the furniture become the property of his representatives, BUT THE £100 IS ALSO REPAID TO THEM."

N.B.—Cash Buyers are also given a Free Life Insurance Policy (for two years) equal to the amount they have spent.

NORMAN & STACEY, Ltd.,
118 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

Moderate Prices. Free Delivery Town or Country. Call and view Stock before Furnishing locally.

A PERFECT
FLOW of
INK which
Contributes
immeasurably
to Celerity
and Comfort
in writing.

Made in 3 Sizes
AT
10/6, 16/6,
25/-,
UP TO
£18 15s.
Post Free.



SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.
Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,
93 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; 95a Regent St., W., LONDON.
3 Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.
BRENTANO'S, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GRINDING



NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

Black Handle .. 5/3 Pr. Ivory Handles in Russia .. 21/-
Ivory Handle .. 7/6 Leather Case .. 6d.
Kropp's Duplex Strop .. 7/6 Kropp's Strop Paste .. 6d.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET, "Shaver's Kit and Outfit," Post Free.
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

EPPS'S THE MOST
NUTRITIOUS.

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

GRATEFUL.
COMFORTING.

COCOA

THE FRAUD of having other tyres
palmed off as genuine

DUNLOP TYRES

can be prevented by forwarding doubtful tyres to any of
our depôts.

Examination and report free of charge.

Alma Street, Coventry; 14 Regent Street, S.W.
160 to 166 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

CRAVEN

Dr. J. M. BARRIE says, "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the CRAVEN Mixture, and no other."

1 LB. SAMPLE TIN, 2/3; POST FREE, 2/6.

J. J. CARRERAS, 7 Wardour St., Leicester Sq., W.
OR AGENTS.

THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE IN THE WORLD
**YORKSHIRE
RELISH**

Makes the Plainest Viands Palatable, and the Daintiest Dishes more Delicious.
ENRICHES SOUPS, STEWS, CHOPS, STEAKS, FISH, &c.
Sold in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

Beware of Substitutions.

SOLE PROPRIETORS—

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.

There is Nothing which Gives such Speedy Relief
in

INDIGESTION

And OTHER GASTRIC DISORDERS as

OXYDOL.

It is RECOMMENDED by MEDICAL MEN.

The *Lancet* says:—"It has been used internally in typhoid fever, dysentery, gastric disorders, and infantile diarrhoea. According to our analysis, Oxydol may be relied upon as permanent and pure."

The *Medical Press* says:—"It prevents all fermentation, and for this reason is specially recommended for gastric disorders."

Those who use it once for the Relief of Indigestion will have no cause to regret the selection.

Order a trial bottle, price 2s. 6d., from your chemist, or direct from

OXYDOL LIMITED,

56 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

Who will forward it, post free, together with a copy of "Indigestion, How Caused, and Remedied."

**ROWLANDS'
ODONTO**

Is the best dentifrice you can use; it whitens the Teeth, prevents and Arrests Decay, and Sweetens the Breath. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and A. ROWLAND & SONS, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

City of London Truss Society.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

FOR THE RELIEF OF THE RUPTURED POOR THROUGHOUT THE
KINGDOM.

Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Patients (about 10,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, and are relieved on one letter of recommendation, however aggravated the case may be.

ADDITIONAL FUNDS are GREATLY NEEDED to meet the increasing demands on the Charity, for which the Committee make an earnest appeal. SUBSCRIPTIONS, DONATIONS, and BEQUESTS will be thankfully received at the Institution by

JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary,
35 Finsbury Square, E.C.

DAVID NUTT,

57-59 LONG ACRE.

THE TUDOR TRANSLATIONS.

Edited by WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

Mr. NUTT has just sent out to Subscribers

Vol. XXIII.

THE BOOK OF THE COURTIER.

From the Italian of Count BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE, done into English by SIR THOMAS HOBY, ANNO 1561. With an Introduction by WALTER RALEIGH. Small 4to. lxxviii. 380 pages, half buckram, 18s. net.

Vols. XXIV., XXV., being Vols. I. and II. of GARGANTUA and PANTAGRUEL. Books I.-V., Translated from the French of FRANÇOIS RABELAIS by SIR THOMAS URQUHART and PETER MOTTEUX. With an Introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY.

Vol. XXVI. of the Series, completing the Rabelais, will be issued about Easter.

The major part of the limited issue (600 Copies only) has been subscribed for. The price of remaining Copies is £2 14s. net for the set of three volumes, but the Publisher reserves the right of raising the price of the last 50 Copies. Immediate application is requisite to secure Copies at £2 14s.

FIRST PRESS NOTICES.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.—"With this excellent edition of the most notable Book of Courtesy ever written, Mr. Henley's invaluable series of Tudor Translations reaches its twenty-third volume. Few of its predecessors have conferred so great a boon upon the student of Elizabethan mind and manners, and not many have provided so much piquant entertainment for the general reader."

LIVERPOOL MERCURY.—"Of the many reprints of old English classics which scholars owe to the enthusiastic labours of Mr. Henley and his colleagues, this fine edition of Hoby's 'Courtier' is one of the most welcome....."

DAILY CHRONICLE.—".....The main interest of this latest edition of 'The Courtier' lies in Mr. Raleigh's admirable introduction, in which he sketches both author and translator, analyses their work, and suggests the impressions made by this book in its English form upon the age it immediately preceded."

MORNING POST.—"It was but the other day that Mr. Henley and Mr. Nutt gave us Hoby's rendering of Castiglione's 'Courtier.' They now add Sir Thomas Urquhart's version of Rabelais to their famous series, and, while we thank them for a noble gift, we may also congratulate them on their enterprise and courage....."

DAILY NEWS.—"Mr. David Nutt has republished Sir Thomas Urquhart's famous translation of Rabelais, with an introductory essay on the author and the translator by Mr. Charles Whibley. Mr. Whibley's introduction is an admirable piece of work; scholarly, sympathetic, and at the same time critical....."

It had been the intention of Editor and Publisher to close the Series of TUDOR TRANSLATIONS with the issue of one more Number after the completion of the RABELAIS. But yielding to numerous and influential requests which have reached them from all parts of the English-speaking world, they have decided to include LORD BERNER'S magnificent Version of FROISSART'S CHRONICLES. Full information respecting the dates and conditions of issue of this, as also of the Terminal Number of the TUDOR TRANSLATIONS, will be made public in the course of the next few weeks. In the meantime the names of New Subscribers will be noted provisionally. It is requested that any provisional subscription demands should be accompanied by the statement if the copy is to be supplied direct or through a Bookseller.

Mr. NUTT begs to emphasise the fact that all Numbers of the TUDOR TRANSLATIONS are issued at net prices for cash.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtot (Moritz von Kaisenberg). Heinemann. 9s.
The Life of Edward Fitz-Gerald (John Glyde). Pearson. 7s. 6d.
The Life of Dante (E. H. Plumptre). Isbister. 2s. 6d.
Mrs. Delaney (Mary Granville): a Memoir, 1700-1788 (Compiled by George Paston). Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

FICTION.

Castle and Manor: a Tale of Our Time (St. George Mivart). Sands. 6s.
The Kings of the East: a Romance of the Near Future (Sydney C. Crier). Blackwood. 6s.
The Tiger's Claw (G. B. Burgin); Becky (Helen Mathers); Celeste (Walmer Downe). Pearsons. 6s. each.
The Valley of the Great Shadow (Annie E. Holdsworth). Heinemann. 6s.
Two Summers (Mrs. J. Glenny Wilson). Harpers. 6s.
La Camorra roman d'Aventures Napolitaines (Par Hughes Rebell). Paris: Editions de la Revue Blanche. 3fr. 50.
Sophia (Stanley J. Weyman). Longmans. 6s.

HISTORY.

A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest (Sir William Smith. New edition by G. E. Marindin). Murray. 7s. 6d.
Medieval Towns: the Story of Moscow (Wirt Gerrare). Dent. 3s. 6d. net.

LAW.

Studies in Private International Law (Emile Stocquart). Bruxelles: Veuve Ferdinand Larcier, Editeur.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Government or Human Evolution: Justice (Edmond Kelly). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.
The Making of Character (John MacCunn). Cambridge: At the University Press. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption (W. H. Mallock). Black. 7s. 6d. net.

VERSE.

First and Last Poems (Arabella Shore). Grant Richards. 5s. net.
Echoes from the Lake (T. A. White). Published by English Echoes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Boer War, 1899-1900 (Lieut.-Colonel H. M. E. Brunker). Clowes. 2s. 6d.
Chiswick Shakespeare, The: King Lear; A Midsummer Night's Dream. Bell.
Electric Bells (Paul N. Hasluck). Cassell. 1s.
Estadística Comercial de la República de Chile Correspondiente al Año de 1898. Valparaíso: Imprenta del Universo de Guillermo Helfmann.
Fairy Tales from Fairyland (Automatically written). Gay and Bird. 2s.
Hints on the Conduct of Business (Sir Courtenay Boyle). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Homeland Handbooks: Surrey's Capital, Guildford (J. E. Morris). Guildford: Frank Lasham. 6d. net.
How the Germans Took London (T. W. Offin, junr.). Chelmsford: Durrant. 1s.
In Paris (K. S. MacQuoid). Methuen. 1s.
Les Langues Vivantes Qui Doit Les Enseigner? (Réponse par Alfred Hamonet). Londres: Chez l'Auteur. 60 centimes.
Letters from some Friends who have Crossed the Border (Automatically written). Gay and Bird. 1s. 6d. net.
Monistische Gottes und Weltanschauung: Versuch einer idealistischen Begründung des Monismus auf dem Boden der Wirklichkeit. (Von J. Sack.) Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann. 5 marks.
Night, The (John White-Rodney). Smithers. 3s. 6d. net.
Reply of the Finnish Estates, The. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 4s. 6d.
Right to Bear Arms, The ("X"). Stock. 6s.
Royal University of Ireland, The: Examination Papers, 1899. Dublin: Ponsoby and Weldrick.
Ward Lock's Guide to London. 1s.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR APRIL:—Revue des Deux Mondes, 3fr.; Revue des Revues, 1fr. 30; Mercure de France, 2fr. 25; The Anglo-Saxon (March), 21s.; The National Review, 2s. 6d.; The Nineteenth Century, 2s. 6d.; The United Service Magazine, 2s.; Crampton's Magazine, 6d.; Die Insel, herausgegeben von Otto Julius Bierbaum, Alfred Walter Henkel, Rudolf Alexander Schröder (Februar 1900); Ruskin Union Journal (No. 1); The Home Counties Magazine, 1s. 6d.; The Strand Magazine, 6d.; The Wide World Magazine, 6d.; The Captain, 6d.; The Sunday Strand, 6d.; The Windsor Magazine, 6d.; The Badminton Magazine, 1s.; The New Century Review, 6d.; The International Monthly, 25c.; The Argosy, 1s.; The Musical Times, 4d.; The Parents' Review, 6d.; Die Insel, herausgegeben, &c. (März 1900); Rivista Ligure di Scienze Lettere et Arti (Gennaio-Febbraio, 1900); The Art Journal, 1s. 6d.; The Decorative Art of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (The Easter Art Annual), 2s. 6d.; The Antiquarian, 6d.; The Genealogical Magazine, 1s.; Scribner's Magazine, 1s.; Neue Deutsche Rundschau der Freirei-Bühne, elfter Jahrgang; The Geographical Journal, 2s.; The Idler 6d.; The Commonwealth, 3d.; La Petite Revue Internationale, 25 centimes; The Economic Journal, 5s. net; Lippincott's, 25 cents; The Forum, 35 cents; The Bookseller, 6d.; The Author, 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

THREE NEW VOLUMES READY ON TUESDAY.
MACMILLAN'S LIBRARY OF ENGLISH CLASSICS

Edited by A. W. POLLARD.

A Series of Reprints of Standard Works in Library Form. Demy 8vo. cloth elegant, 3s. 6d. net per Volume.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

In 3 vols.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S NEW WORK.

THE UNITED KINGDOM: A Political History.

By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L., Author of "The United States," &c.
In 2 vols. 8vo. 15s. net.

The Times:—"The most readable political history of England yet written."
Spectator:—"Those who want an easy summary of political history cannot do better than consult this work."
Daily News:—"A book which every one would be the better for reading."

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Third Edition, with a new Prefatory Chapter dealing with the events which have induced the present crisis.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

By the Right Hon. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

With Three Maps, and with the Text of the Transvaal Conventions of 1881 and 1884. Crown 8vo. 6s.

BY LORD ROBERTS.

BY LORD ROBERTS. BY LORD ROBERTS. FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA.

With Illustrations and Plans.

LIBRARY EDITION. In 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

POPULAR EDITION. In 1 vol. extra crown 8vo. 20s. net.

THE EVERSLEY SHAKESPEARE.

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited,

with short Introductions and Footnotes, by Professor C. H. HERFORD, Globe 8vo.

Re-issue of the Plays in Separate Volumes, bound in cloth, 1s. each; roan, gilt tops, 2s. each.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., London.

A. & C. BLACK'S LIST.

Now Ready, crown 8vo. cloth, price 3s. 6d.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

JOHN K. INGRAM, LL.D., Author of "A History of Political Economy," "A History of Slavery," &c.

"While there have been many books written in English to propagate Positivism, few are more clear, more readable, or more instructive than this; and, whether it bring over converts or not, the work cannot but be read with interest and advantage by thinking men to whom the more recondite literature of this doctrine is inaccessible."—*The Scotsman*.

A TREATISE ON ZOOLOGY. By E. RAY LANKESTER, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Hon. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford; Director of the Natural History Departments of the British Museum; Fulmerian Professor of Physiology and Comparative Anatomy in the Royal Institution of London.

Profusely Illustrated. To be completed in Ten Parts. Now Ready, Part III.,

THE ECHINODERMA. By F. A. BATHER, M.A., assisted by J. W. GREGORY, D.Sc., and E. S. GOODRICH, M.A. Demy 8vo. in paper covers, price 12s. 6d. net; or in cloth, 15s. net.

"It is marked by three characteristics, which indeed may be regarded as now indispensable to any scientific work of value—perfect lucidity in the illustrations, which are numerous and of course specially drawn by, or under the direction of, the author; a careful exposition of the historical development of life-forms; and complete bibliographies on each branch of the subject."—*Literature*.

Now Ready, demy 8vo. cloth, price 12s. 6d. net.

SEXUAL DIMORPHISM IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

A Theory of the Evolution of Secondary Sexual Characters. By J. T. CUNNINGHAM, M.A. Containing 32 Illustrations.

"Mr. Cunningham has elaborated a theory of evolution in answer to the problem: What are the causes which have produced the three kinds of structural difference in animals? He supports his theory by facts and illustrations drawn mainly from the works of others. A book of distinct scientific importance. The present volume is well printed and profusely illustrated with carefully executed figures."—*The Outlook*.

Now Ready, Second Edition, post 8vo. cloth, price 12s. 6d.

ALGEBRA. An Elementary Text-book for the Higher

Classes of Secondary Schools and Colleges. Part II. By Prof. GEORGE CHRYSTAL, M.A., LL.D.

"Since its publication eleven years ago Professor Chrystal's text-book of Algebra has been widely used, and its value has been thoroughly recognised."—*The Scotsman*.

Now Ready, crown 8vo. cloth, price 3s. 6d.

INTRODUCTION TO STRUCTURAL BOTANY.

Part II. FLOWERLESS PLANTS. Third Edition. By D. H. SCOTT, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., Honorary Keeper of the Jodrell Laboratory, Royal Gardens, Kew.

"It stands out from the ever-increasing crowd of guides, text-books, and manuals, in virtue not only of originality of design, but also of the fact that the subjects treated have been specially investigated for the purpose of the book, so that we have not the mere compilation of a book-man, but an account based on the results of the author's own observation."—*Natural Science*.

A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square, London.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

NEW VOLUME BY CONAN DOYLE.

Just Published. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE GREEN FLAG;

AND OTHER TALES OF

WAR and SPORT.

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE COMPANY," "RODNEY STONE," &c.

"Apart from their topical character, the contents of the 'Green Flag' will be welcomed on their own merits. Dr. Doyle is an admirable narrator, and when his theme is arma virumque nobody can be better company."—*Spectator*.

"Few novelists of our time could have told the story in such stirring language, and the battle picture is perfect of its kind. Equally good are the three pirate stories of Captain Sha-key. The 'Croxley Masters' is a stirring tale of the prize ring, the 'Lord of Château Noir' reads like a story of Maupassant, and the 'Striped Chest' is as blood-curdling as the wildest of Poe's romances. Altogether the volume is admirable."—*Daily Telegraph*.

COMPLETION OF

DR. FITCHETT'S POPULAR PATRIOTIC WORK

HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE:

The Story of the Great War, 1793-1815.

By W. A. FITCHETT, M.A., LL.D.

Author of "Deeds that Won the Empire," "Fights for the Flag," &c.

In Four Volumes, crown 8vo. with Portraits, Facsimiles, and Plans, 6s. each.

Published To-day.

Vol. IV. WATERLOO AND ST. HELENA.

With 16 Portraits and 10 Plans.

Contents of the Previous Volumes:—

Vol. I. FROM THE LOW COUNTRIES TO EGYPT. With 16 Portraits and 8 Plans.

II. THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SEA. With 16 Portraits and 6 Plans.

III. THE WAR IN THE PENINSULA. With 16 Portraits and 15 Plans.

Spectator:—"Exactly the sort of history desired by the million... The work is worthy of the author of 'Deeds that Won the Empire' and 'Fights for the Flag.'"

Sketch:—"Such books as Mr. Fitchett's are the makers of Englishmen in the highest sense of the term... Those who are acquainted with his earlier work will find in this example of his genius the same vivid word-picturing capacity, the same vivid descriptive ability, and the same vivid character-drawing."

NEAR COMPLETION OF THE

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

PUBLICATION OF THE LAST VOLUME BUT ONE.

"Absolutely indispensable to every well-furnished library."—*Times*.

Just Published. Royal 8vo. 13s. net in cloth; or in half-morocco, marbled edges, 20s. net.

VOL. LXII. (WILLIAMSON—WORDEN) OF THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Edited by SIDNEY LEE.

"The magnum opus of our generation."—*Truth*.

VOL. LXIII. (WORDSWORTH—ZULEISTAN), COMPLETING THE WORK, WILL BE PUBLISHED ON JUNE 26.

NOTE.—A Full Prospectus of "The Dictionary of National Biography," with Specimen Pages, may be had upon application.

NEW VOLUME OF

THE "HAWORTH" EDITION OF THE

LIFE AND WORKS OF THE SISTERS BRONTË

Just Published. With a Portrait of Anne Brontë, a Facsimile of the Title-page of the First Edition and 6 Full-page Illustrations, large crown 8vo. cloth, gilt top, 6s.

VOL. VI.—THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL.

By ANNE BRONTË. With a Preface by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. 1sq. 4

Guardian:—"Mrs. Humphry Ward is a critic of the first order. Never before have the Brontë sisters been so accurately placed, so delicately differentiated alike from one another and from others of their craft."

* * VOL. VII.—THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

By Mrs. GASKELL. With an Introduction and Notes by CLEMENT K.

SHORTER, completing the edition, will be published on April 30.

Prospectus of the Edition on application.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BRIDE ELECT."

At all Booksellers' and Libraries. Crown 8vo. 6s.

NEMO. By THEO. DOUGLAS, Author of

"A Bride Elect," "Iras: a Mystery," "Carr of Dinascour," &c.

Daily Telegraph:—"We can cordially recommend 'Nemo' to all sorts and conditions of novel-readers as a fascinating story, the interest of which never flags from its opening to its closing chapters."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 Waterloo Place.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

LESSONS OF THE WAR, BY SPENSER WILKINSON.

Being a comment from week to week until the Relief of Ladysmith. 2s. 6d.

"Everything that MR. SPENSER WILKINSON writes is of value, for he only writes on matters which he has studied and which HE UNDERSTANDS—BETTER, PERHAPS, ON THE WHOLE, THAN ANY ONE ELSE IN THE COUNTRY. The lessons of the war as sketched by him are such as should be studied by statesmen and by the people. . . . Such an Empire as ours can hardly be too well prepared. To call on our statesmen to prepare themselves is to ask them . . . to review fully the whole of the factors of the international position. This has been Mr. Wilkinson's great task, and all lovers of their country will hope that he may long be spared, in the active service of the pen, to promote an object which he has already done much to further."—ATHENÆUM, March 31st, 1900.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR. AT EVERY BOOKSTALL. ARMY ADMINISTRATION.

A Business View. By "CENTURION." is. "A thoughtful, practical, and well-informed discussion of an important subject . . . well worthy of attention."—*Scotsman*.

THE NOVEL OF THE DAY. By MARY JOHNSTON, Author of "The Old Dominion." A CHORUS OF PRAISE.

BY ORDER OF THE COMPANY

6s. Has been favourably reviewed by 6s.

The SPECTATOR.	The GLOBE.
The SATURDAY REVIEW.	The ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.
The SPEAKER.	The ECHO.
The REVIEW OF THE WEEK.	The GLASGOW HERALD.
The BRITISH WEEKLY.	The MANCHESTER ROCK.
The LITERARY WORLD.	The GUARDIAN.
The ACADEMY.	The EAST ANGLIAN DAILY NEWS.
The OUTLOOK.	The YORKSHIRE POST.
The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.	LEEDS MERCURY.
The PILOT, &c.	The SPHERE, &c.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., Westminster.

MILLAIS'S "BREATH FROM THE VELDT."

New Edition just published, with all the original illustrations. "Its special value at this moment is his testimony on Boer character and Boer ideas about the English."—*Daily News*. One volume 4to., Two Guineas net. H. SOTHERAN & CO., 140 Strand, and 37 Piccadilly.

ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY. MILTON'S "SAMSON AGONISTES," at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Wednesday, April 11th, at 3 o'clock. Prices one shilling to five shillings. Tickets at the Box Office.

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INNERMOST ASIA: Travel and Sport in the Pamirs. By RALPH P. CONNOLD, late 66th Rifles. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs, 1 vol., demy 8vo., 21s. *The Morning Post*.—"To the lover of sport and travel Mr. Connold's book will be welcome. To the student of political developments in the East it will possess value."

PINK AND SCARLET; or, Hunting as a School for So Daring. By Lieut.-Colonel E. A. H. ALDERSON. Profusely Illustrated, 1 vol., 7s. 6d. net.

The Standard.—"So many books have been written about the horse and his rider that to render a new one acceptable the author must have something special to say, and must say it particularly well. Colonel Alderson fulfils both these requirements. His book is one which not only the young soldier, but everyone who has to do with horses, may study with profit."

WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN: A Play in Three Acts. By HENRIK IBSEN. Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

MR. BENSON'S NEW NOVEL.

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA. By E. F. BENSON, author of "Mammon & Co." Tuesday.

THE REBEL. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

The Morning Post.—"The Rebel is a masterly portrait. The adventures are related with such sharpness of outline, they are so vivid, and the style of the author is so admirable, that were there not a character in the book worth a moment's consideration it would still be well worth reading."

THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT SHADOW. By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH, Author of "The Gods Arrive."

HEARTS IMPORTUNATE. By EVELYN DICKINSON.

The Spectator.—"Miss Dickinson has an excellent style. She is familiar with life in the bush and in Sydney; she has faithfully studied various types of Colonials."

THE WHITE TERROR. By FELIX GRAS, Author of "The Reds of the Midi."

The Spectator.—"The fascination of 'The Reds of the Midi' and 'The Terror' is exerted with equal force in their brilliant sequel, 'The White Terror.' Few narratives in modern fiction are more thrilling."

THE WORLD'S MERCY, and other Stories. By MAXWELL GRAY.

The Daily Telegraph.—"An Old Song" is a tale both sweet and sad. . . . 'The World's Mercy' is undeniably forcible and dramatic, and it holds the reader from start to finish."

FOLLY CORNER. By Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY, Author of "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken." [Second Impression. *The Sphere*.—"The success of the hour in the West End of London. Decidedly a book to read."

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.

THIRD EDITION NOW READY.

(Fourth Edition in the Press.)

BENNET BURLEIGH'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE NATAL CAMPAIGN.

By BENNET BURLEIGH.

Containing 12 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS, 3 FOLDING MAPS, and PORTRAIT OF BENNET BURLEIGH.

Large crown 8vo. 432 pages, 6s.

"Mr. Burleigh's account of the Natal Campaign is not the first in the field, but it is the most important."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Mr. Burleigh's wide experience of war, gathered in many a campaign in almost every quarter of the world, his intimate knowledge of military detail, his sound judgment and picturesqueness of style have won for him a well-deserved popularity, which his present book is certain to increase."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Mr. Bennet Burleigh is one of the most experienced and enterprising of British War Correspondents, and his articles make a very readable and, on the whole, a fairly coherent account of the part of the war with which they deal."—*Scotsman*.

"The book will take a high place among the many similar publications now coming from the press."—*Morning Post*.

"Mr. Burleigh's latest volume is a handsome, interesting, and useful one."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

"Mr. Bennet Burleigh's brilliant book."—*Daily Mail*.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD., LONDON.

BOOKS.—HATCHARDS,

BOOKSELLERS TO THE QUEEN, 187 Piccadilly, W.—Libraries entirely fitted up, Arranged, and Catalogued. All the New and Standard Books, Bibles, Prayer-books, &c. New Choice Bindings for Presents. Post orders promptly executed. Usual cash discounts.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,

PUBLISHERS and BOOKSELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS. CATALOGUE sent on application.

BOOKS.—Scarce and Out-of-Print Books on all subjects supplied. Please state wants. Catalogues post free.—HECTORS, Booksellers, Birmingham. English and Foreign Books Purchased.

LIBRARIES and Collections of Books purchased for prompt cash in Town or Country. Valuations for Probate, &c.—MYERS & CO., Booksellers' Row, Strand, London, W.C.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. STANLEY WEYMAN.

With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SOPHIA.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE" &c.

** This is a Story of London Life in the time of George II.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

LONDON, NEW YORK, AND BOMBAY.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

CLOSE TO OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

THE SUMMER SESSION, 1900, will commence on Tuesday, May 1st.

Full opportunities for study are offered to Students preparing for any of the Examinations in Medicine and Surgery in the United Kingdom.

Classes will be held in the following subjects:—Midwifery, Pathology, Pathological Histology, Bacteriology, Forensic Medicine and Public Health, Anatomy, Practical Physiology and Histology, Chemistry and Practical Chemistry, Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Psychological Medicine with Clinical Demonstrations, Practical Pharmacy.

Students entering in May are eligible to compete for the Entrance Scholarships (value £100 and £50) awarded at the commencement of the ensuing Winter Session. The Broderip Scholarships, Governor's Prize, Hetley Prize, Lyell Medal, Leopold Hudson Prize, and Freeman Scholarship are awarded annually, the Murray Scholarship (in connection with the University of Aberdeen) every third year. Eighteen resident appointments are open for competition annually, without fee.

The composition fee, admitting to the whole curriculum, is 135 guineas; if paid in three instalments, first instalment 60 guineas.

For University of London Students requiring Preliminary Science Instruction 150 guineas, or by instalments. For members of Universities recognised by the General Medical Council and other Students who have completed their Anatomical and Physiological Studies the fee for admission as General Student is 70 guineas, or by instalments, 75 guineas. Students from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge entering in May are eligible to compete for the University Scholarship of £50 awarded at the commencement of the Winter Session. Fee for Dental Students, 54 guineas.

The New Laboratories and Class-rooms for Physiology, Chemistry, Biology, Pathology, Bacteriology, with all modern improvements, as well as a new and larger Dissecting Room and Operative Surgery Room, are now in regular use.

The Residential College contains accommodation for thirty Students.

For prospectus and further particulars apply to

W. PASTEUR, M.D., Dean.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.

THE SUMMER SESSION will BEGIN on MAY 1st, 1900.

Students can reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the Collegiate regulations.

The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds. Scholarships and Prizes of the aggregate value of nearly £900 are awarded annually.

Special Classes for the Preliminary Scientific and the other London University Examinations, for the F.R.S. and for other Higher Examinations.

There is a large, thoroughly well equipped Cricket-ground.

For further particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

GROCERS' COMPANY.

MEDICAL RESEARCH SCHOLARSHIPS.

THESE SCHOLARSHIPS, three in number, each of the value of £250, and open only to British subjects, have been instituted by the Company as an encouragement to the making of Exact Researches into the Causes and Prevention of Important Diseases. The Company appoint annually. At the next Election two of the present Scholars, should they renew their applications, will be entitled to a preference.

Applications may be made at any time during the present month by letter addressed to The CLERK of the Company, Grocers' Hall, Princes Street, E.C., from whom particulars may be obtained.

April, 1900.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY LIMITED.

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE IN ONE SUBSCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pages)

Sent gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also New and Surplus Copies of French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian Books.

30-34 NEW OXFORD STREET;

241 Brompton Road, S.W.; 48 Queen Victoria St., E.C., London;

And at Barton Arcade, Manchester.

REVUE DES REVUES

Un Numéro spécimen

ET

24 Numéros par an.

SUR DEMANDE

Revue d'Europe et d'Amérique

Richement illustrée.

Peu de mots, beaucoup d'idées.

Peu de mots, beaucoup d'idées

Au prix de 20 fr. en France et de 24 fr. à l'étranger on a un abonnement d'un an pour la Revue des Revues, RICHEMENT ILLUSTRÉE.

"Avec elle, on sait tout, tout de suite" (ALEX. DUMAS FILS), car "la Revue des Revues est extrêmement bien faite et constitue une des lectures des plus intéressantes, des plus passionnantes" (FRANÇOIS SARRÉY); "rien n'est plus utile que ce résumé de l'esprit humain" (E. ZOLA); "elle a conquis une situation brillante et prépondérante parmi les grandes revues françaises et étrangères" (Les Débats); "la Revue publie des études magistrales" (Figaro); etc.

La Revue paraît le 1^{er} et le 15 de chaque mois, publie des articles inédits signés par les plus grands noms français et étrangers.

La Revue publie également les analyses des meilleurs articles parus dans les périodiques du monde entier, caricatures politiques, des romans et nouvelles, dernières inventions et découvertes, etc., etc.

La collection annuelle de la Revue forme une vraie encyclopédie de 4 gros volumes, ornés d'environ 1,500 gravures et contenant plus de 400 articles, études, nouvelles, romans, etc.

Tous les abonnés pour 1900 recevront gratuitement la Grande Revue de l'Exposition de 1900, richement illustrée, et autres primes de valeur. (Consulter nos prospectus.)

On s'abonne sans frais dans tous les bureaux de poste de la France et de l'étranger chez tous les principaux libraires du monde entier et dans les bureaux de la Revue.

Rédaction et Administration: 12 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.

ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.

Managers: F. GREEN & CO.

Head Office:

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. Fenchurch Avenue, London.

For passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

STANDARD WORKS.

Aquaria, Book of. A Practical Guide to the Construction, Arrangement, and Management of Freshwater and Marine Aquaria; containing Full Information as to the Plants, Weeds, Fish, Molluscs, Insects, &c., How and Where to Obtain Them, and How to Keep Them in Health. By Rev. GREGORY C. BATEMAN, A.K.C., and REGINALD A. R. BENNETT, B.A. Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 5s. 6d., by post, 5s. 10d.

Autograph Collecting: A Practical Manual for Amateurs and Historical Students, containing ample information on the Selection and Arrangement of Autographs, the Detection of Forged Specimens, &c., &c., to which are added numerous Facsimiles for Study and Reference, and an extensive Valuation Table of Autographs worth Collecting. By HENRY T. SCOTT, M.D., L.R.C.P., &c. In leatherette gilt, price 7s. 6d. net, by post 7s. 10d.

British Dragonflies. Being an Exhaustive Treatise on our Native Odonata: Their Collection, Classification, and Preservation. By W. J. LUCAS, B.A. Very fully Illustrated with 27 Plates, Illustrating 39 Species exquisitely printed in Colour, and numerous Black-and-White Engravings. In cloth gilt, price 31s. 6d. net; by post 32s.

Canary Book. The Breeding, Rearing, and Management of all Varieties of Canaries and Canary Mules, and all other matters connected with this Fancy. By ROBERT L. WALLACE. Third Edition. In cloth gilt, price 5s. by post 5s. 4d.; with Coloured Plates, 6s. 6d., by post 6s. 10d.

Coins of Great Britain and Ireland, a Guide to the, in Gold, Silver, and Copper, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, with their Value. By the late Colonel W. STEWART THORNBURN. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged by H. A. GRÜNER, F.S.A. Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 10s. 6d. net, by post 10s. 10d.

Cookery, The Encyclopædia of Practical. A complete Dictionary of all pertaining to the Art of Cookery and Table Service. Edited by THEO. FRANCIS GARRETT, assisted by eminent Chefs de Cuisine and Confectioners. Profusely Illustrated with Coloured Plates and Engravings by HAROLD FURNESS, GEO. CRUICKSHANK, W. MUNN ANDRIEW, and others. In 2 vols. demy 4to. half morocco, cushion edges, price £3 3s.; carriage free, £3 5s.

Dogs Breaking and Training: Being Concise Directions for the proper education of Dogs, both for the Field and for Companions. Second Edition. By "PATHFINDER." With Chapters by HUGH DALZIEL. Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 6s. 6d., by post 6s. 10d.

Engravings and their Value. Containing a Dictionary of all the Greatest Engravers and their Works. By J. H. SLATER. Third Edition, with latest Prices at Auction. In cloth gilt, price 15s. net, by post 15s. 5d.

Ferns, The Book of Choice: for the Garden, Conservatory, and Stove. Describing the best and most striking Ferns and Selaginellas, and giving explicit directions for their Cultivation, the formation of Rockeries, the arrangement of Ferneries, &c. By GEORGE SCHNEIDER. With numerous Coloured Plates and other Illustrations. In 3 vols. large post 4to. Cloth gilt, price £3 3s. net, by post £3 5s.

Game Preserving, Practical. Containing the fullest Directions for Rearing and Preserving both Winged and Ground Game, and Destroying Vermin; with other Information of Value to the Game Preserver. By W. CARNEGIE. Illustrated. In cloth gilt, demy 8vo. price 21s., by post 21s. 5d.

Gardening, The Book of: a Handbook of Horticulture. By well-known Specialists. Edited by W. D. DEURY (Author of "Home Gardening," "Insects Injurious to Fruit," "Popular Bulb Culture," &c.). Very fully Illustrated. 1 vol. demy 8vo. about 1,200 pp. price 16s. net, by post 17s.

Gardening, Dictionary of. A Practical Encyclopedia of Horticulture, for Amateurs and Professionals. Illustrated with 2,440 Engravings. Edited by G. NICHOLSON, Curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew; assisted by Prof. Trail, M.D.; Rev. P. W. Myles, B.A., F.L.S.; W. Watson, J. Garrett, and other Specialists. In 4 vols. large post 4to. Cloth gilt, price, £3, by post £3 2s. Half morocco, £3 3s., by post £3 5s.

Horse-Keeper, The Practical. By GEORGE FLEMING, C.B., L.D., F.R.C.V.S., late Principal Veterinary Surgeon to the British Army, and Ex-President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. In cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 10d.

Library Manual, The. A Guide to the Formation of a Library, and the Values of Rare and Standard Books. By J. H. SLATER, Barrister-at-Law. Third Edition. Revised and Greatly Enlarged. In cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d. net, by post 7s. 10d.

Needlework, Dictionary of. An Encyclopedia of Artistic, Plain, and Fancy Needlework; Plain, practical, complete, and magnificently Illustrated. By S. F. A. CAULFIELD and B. C. SAWARD. In demy 4to, 528 pp., 840 Illustrations, extra cloth gilt, plain edges, cushioned bevelled boards, price 21s. net, by post 21s. 6d.; with Coloured Plates, elegant satin brocade cloth binding, and coloured edges, 31s. 6d. net, by post 32s.

Orchids: Their Culture and Management, with Descriptions of all the Kinds in General Cultivation. Illustrated by Coloured Plates and Engravings. By W. WATSON, Assistant-Curator, Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew; assisted by W. BEAR, Foreman, Royal Gardens, Kew. Second Edition. Revised and with Extra Plates. In cloth gilt and gilt edges, price £1 1s. net, by post £1 2s. 6d.

Painters and their Works. A Work of the Greatest Value to Collectors and such as are interested in the Art, as it gives, besides Biographical Sketches of all the Artists of Repute (not now living) from the 13th Century to the present date, the Market Value of the Principal Works painted by them, with full descriptions of same. In 3 vols. cloth gilt, price 37s. 6d. net, by post 38s. 3d.

Parrots, the Speaking. The Art of Keeping and Breeding the principal Talking Parrots in Confinement. By Dr. KARL RUSS. Illustrated with COLOURED PLATES and Engravings. In cloth gilt, price 5s., by post 5s. 4d.

Patience, Games of, for one or more Players. How to Play 173 different Games of Patience. By M. WHITMORE JONES. Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 6s., by post 6s. 4d.

Pig, Book of the. The Selection, Breeding, Feeding, and Management of the Pig; the Treatment of its Diseases; the Curing and Preserving of Hams, Bacon, and other Pork Foods; and other information appertaining to Pork Farming. By Professor JAMES LONG. Fully Illustrated with Portraits of Prize Pigs, Plans of Model Piggeries, &c. In cloth gilt, price 10s. 6d., by post 10s. 11d.

Pigeons, Fancy. Containing full Directions for the Breeding and Management of Fancy Pigeons, and Descriptions of every known Variety, together with all other information of interest or use to Pigeon Fanciers. Third Edition. 18 COLOURED PLATES, and 22 other full-page Illustrations. By J. C. LVELL. In cloth gilt, price 10s. 6d., by post 10s. 10d.

Postage Stamps of Europe, The Adhesive: A Practical Guide to their Collection, Identification, and Classification. Especially designed for the use of those commencing the Study. By W. A. S. WESTON. Beautifully Illustrated. In 2 vols. price 12s. net, by post 12s. 6d.

Rabbit, Book of the. A Complete Work on Breeding and Rearing all Varieties of Fancy Rabbits, giving their History, Variations, Uses, Points, Selection, Mating, Management, &c., &c. SECOND EDITION. Edited by KEMPTER W. KNIGHT. Illustrated with Coloured and other Plates. In cloth gilt, price 11s. 6d., by post 10s. 11d.

Sailing Tours. The Yachtsman's Guide to the Cruising Waters of the English and Adjacent Coasts. With Descriptions of every Creek, Harbour, and Roadstead on the Coast. With Numerous Charts printed in Colours, showing Deep water, Shoals, and Sands exposed at low water, with sounding. By FRANK COWPER, B.A. In crown 8vo. cloth gilt.

Vol. I. The Coasts of Essex and Suffolk, from the Thames to Aldborough. Six Charts. Price 5s., by post 5s. 3d.

Vol. II. The South Coast, from the Thames to the Scilly Islands. Twenty-five Charts. New and Revised Edition. Price 7s. 6d., by post 7s. 10d.

Vol. III. The Coast of Brittany, from L'Aberwrach to St. Nazaire, and an Account of the Loire. Twelve Charts. Price 7s. 6d., by post 7s. 10d.

Vol. IV. The West Coast, from Land's End to Mull of Galloway, including the East Coast of Ireland. Thirty Charts. Price 10s. 6d., by post 10s. 10d.

Vol. V. The Coasts of Scotland and the N.E. of England down to Aldborough. Forty Charts. Price 12s. 6d., by post 12s. 10d.

Sea Terms, A Dictionary of. For the use of Yachtsmen, Amateur Boatmen, and Beginners. By A. ANSTED. Fully Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d. net, by post 7s. 11d.

Sleight of Hand, A Practical Manual of Legerdemain for Amateurs and Others. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Profusely Illustrated. By E. SACHS. In cloth gilt, price 6s. 6d., by post 6s. 10d.

Solo Whist. Its Whys and Wherefores. A Progressive and Clear Method of Explanation and Illustration of the Game, and how to Play it Successfully. With Illustrative Hands printed in Colour. By C. J. MELROSE. In cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 10d.

Sporting Books, Illustrated. A Descriptive Survey of a Collection of English Illustrated Works of a Sporting and Racy Character, with an Appendix of Prints relating to Sports of the Field. The whole valued by reference to Average Auction Prices. By J. H. SLATER, Author of "Library Manual," "Engravings and their Value," &c. In cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d. net, by post 7s. 10d.

Taxidermy, Practical. A Manual of Instruction to the Amateur in Collecting, Preserving, and Setting-up Natural History Specimens of all kinds. With Examples and Working Diagrams. By MORTAGE BROWN, F.Z.S., Curator of Leicester Museum. Second Edition. In cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d., by post 7s. 10d.

Violins (Old) and their Makers: Including some References to those of Modern Times. By JAMES M. FLEMING. Illustrated with Facsimiles of Tickets, Sound-Holes, &c. In cloth gilt, price 6s. 6d. net, by post 6s. 10d.

Violin School, Practical, for Home Students. Instructions and Exercises in Violin Playing, for the use of Amateurs, Self-learners, Teachers, and others. With a Supplement on "Easy Legato Studies for the Violin." By J. M. FLEMING. Demy 4to, cloth gilt, price 9s. 6d., by post 10s. 2d. Without Supplement, price 7s. 6d., by post 8s.

Vivarium, The. Being a Full Description of the most Interesting Snakes, Lizards, and other Reptiles, and How to Keep Them Satisfactorily in Confinement. By Rev. G. C. BATEMAN. Beautifully Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d. net, by post 8s.

War Medals and Decorations. A Manual for Collectors, with some account of Civil Rewards for Valour. By D. HASTINGS IRWIN. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Beautifully Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 12s. 6d. net, by post 12s. 10d.

Whist, Scientific: Its Whys and Wherefores. Wherein all Arbitrary Dicta of Authority are eliminated, the Reader being taken step by step through the Reasoning Operations upon which the Rules of Play are based. By C. J. MELROSE. With Illustrative Hands printed in Colour. In cloth gilt, price 6s., by post 6s. 6d.

Wildfowling, Practical: a Book on Wildfowl and Wildfowl Shooting. By H. V. SHARP. The result of 25 years' experience Wildfowl Shooting under all sorts and conditions of locality as well as circumstances. Profusely Illustrated. Demy 8vo. cloth gilt, price 12s. 6d. net, by post 12s. 10d.

Wild Sports in Ireland. Being Picturesque and Entertaining Descriptions of several visits paid to Ireland, with Practical Hints likely to be of service to the Angler, Wildfowler, and Yachtsman. By JOHN BICKERDYKE, Author of "The Book of the All-Round Angler," &c. Beautifully Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author. In cloth gilt, price 6s., by post 6s. 4d.

THE OLDEST HORTICULTURAL NEWSPAPER.

3^d. Weekly. Postage 1d. **The GARDENERS' CHRONICLE** 15^s. Yearly. Post Free.

The "TIMES" of HORTICULTURE.

FOR SIXTY YEARS THE LEADING JOURNAL.

Its contributors comprise the most

Experienced British Gardeners,

and many of the most

Eminent Men of Science

at home and abroad.

IT HAS AN INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION FOR ITS
ILLUSTRATIONS OF PLANTS.

Specimen Copy post free on application to the Publisher,

H. G. COVE, 41 WELLINGTON ST., STRAND, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

2% CURRENT ACCOUNTS. 2%
on the minimum monthly balances, when not
drawn below £100.

2½% DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS. 2½%
on Deposits, repayable on demand.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares purchased and sold for customers.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone No. 5 Holborn.

Telegraphic Address: "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope.)

Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and
90 Branches in South Africa.

Subscribed Capital (30th June, 1899) .. £4,959,100
Paid-up Capital .. £1,839,700
Reserve Fund .. £1,144,820

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description of banking business with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange Free State, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application.

J. CHUMLEY, London Manager.

EMPIRE THEATRE,

LEICESTER SQUARE

EVERY EVENING. NEW WAFFLE: ROUND THE TOWN AGAIN.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open 7.30.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, AND AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS and ROUND THE WORLD TOURS. For Particulars apply at the London Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

The List opened on Thursday, April 5th, and will close on or before Saturday, April 7th, at noon, for the United Kingdom, and Monday, April 9th, for the Continent.

THE SCHIBAIEFF PETROLEUM CO. LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.

SHARE CAPITAL £1,150,000,

DIVIDED INTO

115,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each .. £575,000
Preferential as to Dividend and Capital, and further participating to the extent of one-third of the Net Profits of any one year available for distribution as dividend after the Ordinary Shares have received 12 per cent. Dividend for such year.
575,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each .. 575,000
£1,150,000

of which £750,000 has been already issued.

Issue of—
40,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each at par .. £200,000
200,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each .. 200,000
(The Ordinary Shares are issued at a Premium of 9s. per Share.)
£400,000

forming the Balance of the above amount of £1,150,000.

Messrs. CHAPLIN, MILNE, GRENFELL & Co., Limited, of 6 Princes Street, E.C., are authorised to receive Subscriptions for the above issue of Shares. In Amsterdam, Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Labouchere, Oyens & Co., and Messrs. H. Oyens & Zonen.

Payments as follows:—

	Preference.	Ordinary.
On Application, per Share ..	10s.	2s.
On allotment ..	30s.	30s.

5s. of which 2s. is on account of premium.

And further calls as may be decided by the Board, from time to time with 21 days notice, and at intervals of not less than two months.
Dividends will be payable on instalments of Shares (exclusive of premium) as from dates fixed for payment.

Subscribers wishing to pay in full on allotment will be allowed interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on all calls paid in advance.

Applications have been already received from Shareholders of the Company for Preference and Ordinary Shares of this issue, amounting in all to £145,000.

DIRECTORS.

THE RT. HONBLE. LORD WENLOCK, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. (Chairman).
R. C. ANTROBUS. G. GRINNELL-MILNE.
F. LANE. H. J. RAHUSEN.

C. J. CATER SCOTT.

BANKERS.

GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE & CO., 67 Lombard Street, E.C.
BARING BROTHERS & CO., Ltd. 8 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
LA BANQUE INTERNATIONALE DE COMMERCE, St. Petersburg.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

AENEAS R. McDONELL, 153 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE SCHIBAIEFF PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED, was formed in February, 1898, for the purpose of acquiring, by the purchase of all the shares, the entire interest in the Petroleum business carried on at Baku, Moscow, and elsewhere by the Russian Private Limited Liability Company, known as Messrs. S. M. Schibaieff & Co.

The remarkable growth in the Petroleum trade in the last few years has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the demand for the products of the Russian Company (S. M. Schibaieff & Co.), with the result that the large additional business now offered cannot be accepted without making considerable extensions of the Company's producing territory, increasing its manufacturing capacity, and extending the organisation for the sale of its products.

The output of the Refinery during the year ending April 12th, 1899, showed an increase of about 15 per cent. as compared with the previous year, and this increase has further progressed in the present year. Various improvements and additions have been made in the Refinery Plant; at the same time Plant and Machinery on the Oil Fields have been put into a thorough state of repair, and renewals have been effected where necessary.

An arrangement has recently been entered into with the Société Mazout of Moscow, by which both Companies join hands in the conduct of the sale of their Kerosene and Residuum in the interior of Russia, thereby effecting large savings to the Schibaieff Company, besides removing competition between the two Companies. Under this arrangement the Société Mazout pays the Schibaieff Company in net cash at least the average market price at Baku, shares equally with the Schibaieff Company the profits, whilst guaranteeing the Schibaieff Company against loss on the marketing of the products in the interior of Russia, pays substantial annual rentals on the installations and plant of the Schibaieff Company of about £15,000 per annum, and further provides the whole of the large working capital which is needed to conduct this part of the business.

The earnings of the Company are highly satisfactory, and the returns are now showing the effects of the improved management since the business was taken over. The net profits for 1897-1898, as shown by the Russian Company, were equal to .. £48,500 0 0

The net profits for 1898-1899 of the English Company (when dividends of 6s. per cent. on the Preference Shares, and 13 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares were paid) were .. £76,000 0 0

The net profits for the first nine months of the year ending April 12th, 1900, are ascertained, and estimating the profits of the remaining three months on the same basis, the Directors anticipate that after making not only the statutory depreciation and reserves as made in the previous year, but provision for an additional depreciation of about £50,000, the net revenue for the year should amount to .. £90,000 0 0

The Managing Director in Russia considers that the legitimate extension of the business requires a capital expenditure of about £400,000 to £500,000, and that the improved returns of the business will in due course enable the Company to substantially increase its dividends. The Directors have therefore decided to raise New Capital to enable the Russian Company to carry out the following operations, which they believe will add very considerably to the profits of the Shareholders, viz.—

1. The purchase of further oil-bearing properties as opportunity may offer, thus increasing the Company's own supplies of Crude Oil.
2. The Russian Company has now secured an option for the purchase of an oil-bearing property the output of which is nearly two million pounds, and which is capable of large expansion.
3. The immediate development of the present Oil Fields.
4. The enlargement and improvement of the Refinery at Baku.
5. Further Tank and Storage accommodation.
6. The development of the Foreign Trade of the Company, for which a good opportunity now presents itself.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 153 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., or from the Bankers, Solicitors, or Brokers, of Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell & Co., Limited, 6 Princes Street, E.C., and in Amsterdam from Messrs. Labouchere, Oyens & Co., and Messrs. H. Oyens & Zonen.

LONDON, April 4th, 1900.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

NOW READY.—VOL. II.

SCIENTIFIC PAPERS. By P. G. TAIT, M.A., Honorary Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In 2 vols. demy 4to. 75s. each.

PAPERS ON MECHANICAL AND PHYSICAL SUBJECTS By OSBORNE REYNOLDS, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Engineering in the Owens College, Manchester. Reprinted from various Transactions and Journals. Vol. I. Royal 8vo. [Nearly Ready.]

MEMOIRS PRESENTED TO THE CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY on the occasion of the Jubilee of Sir GEORGE GABRIEL STOKES, Bart., Sc.D., LL.D. [Nearly Ready.]

ÆTHER AND MATTER: a Development of the Relations of the Æther to Material Media, including a Discussion of the Influence of the Earth's Motion on the Phenomena of Light; being One of Two Essays to which the Adams Prize was adjudged in 1899 in the University of Cambridge. By JOSEPH LARMOR, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College. Demy 8vo. 10s. net. [Nearly Ready.]

NEARLY READY.—THIRD EDITION OF "OEDIPUS COLONEUS."

SOPHOCLES. THE PLAYS AND FRAGMENTS, with Critical Notes, Commentary, and Translation in English Prose, by R. C. JEBB, Litt.D., M.P., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. Demy 8vo.

Part II. OEDIPUS COLONEUS. Third Edition.
Part III. ANTIGONE. Third Edition.
Part VIII. THE FRAGMENTS.

[Nearly Ready.]
[In the Press.]
[In the Press.]

Classical Review.—"Of the 'Sophocles' as a whole we can only add our mite to the general verdict of scholars, who place it in the first rank of extant editions of the classics."

TWO LECTURES ON THE TEMPLES AND RITUAL OF ASKLEPIOS AT EPIDAUROS AND ATHENS. Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By RICHARD CATON, M.D., F.R.C.P., Hon. Physician Liverpool Royal Infirmary; Emeritus Professor of Physiology, University College, Liverpool. Second Edition, demy 8vo. 3s. net. [Immediately.]

READY MAY 1st.—NEW WORK BY SIR JOSHUA FITCH.

EDUCATIONAL AIMS AND METHODS. Lectures and Addresses by Sir JOSHUA FITCH, M.A., LL.D., late Her Majesty's Inspector of Training Colleges, and Author of "Lectures on Teaching," "The Arnolds and their Influence on English Education." The forthcoming volume consists of lectures and addresses given in Cambridge, or before the Teachers' Guild and other bodies of Teachers in England and in America. Its general aim is to direct attention to various aspects of educational theory and of practical work; and it includes several monographs on the lives of distinguished and representative teachers.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LECTURES ON TEACHING, Delivered in the University of Cambridge in the Lent Term, 1880. Crown 8vo. New Edition, 5s.

THE CAMBRIDGE SERIES for SCHOOLS and TRAINING COLLEGES.

THE MAKING OF CHARACTER: some Educational Aspects of Ethics. By JOHN MACCUNN, Balliol College, Oxford; Professor of Philosophy in University College, Liverpool. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE EXPANSION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1500-1870. By W. H. WOODWARD, Christ Church, Oxford, now the Principal of University (Day) Training College, Liverpool, and Lecturer on Education in Victoria University. With 7 Maps, crown 8vo. cloth, 4s.; cloth extra, gilt top, 5s.

Athenæum.—"Thoroughly to be recommended."
Manchester Guardian.—"Mr. Woodward has produced a volume which has set a high standard for the series.... A workmanlike and scholarly piece of historical study."

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG IN THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO. Translated into English, with Notes and Introduction, by B. BOSANQUET, M.A., LL.D., Author of "A Companion to Plato's Republic." Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. [Nearly Ready.]

AN APPENDIX TO SAYINGS OF THE JEWISH FATHERS, CONTAINING A CATALOGUE OF MANUSCRIPTS AND NOTES ON THE TEXT OF ABOTH. Edited by C. TAYLOR, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. [In the Press.]

THE GOSPEL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES, TOGETHER WITH THE APOCALYPSES OF EACH ONE OF THEM. Edited from the Syriac MS., with a Translation and Introduction, by J. RENDEL HARRIS, M.A. (D.Litt. Dublin), Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge. Royal 8vo. 5s. [Nearly Ready.]

WAGES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Notes for the use of Students of Social and Economic Questions. By A. L. BOWLEY, M.A., F.S.S., Lecturer in Statistics at the London School of Economics and Political Science. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.
Speaker.—"Full of information hitherto practically unattainable.... The book is the result of long and skilful labour and a highly important addition to the library of every social, economic or statistical student."

A HISTORY OF THE LAW OF NATIONS. By T. A. WALKER, LL.D., Fellow and Tutor of, and Lecturer in History in, Peterhouse, Cambridge. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Peace of Westphalia, 1648. Demy 8vo. 10s. net.
Speaker.—"We know of no other book which deals with the forerunners of Grotius with Dr. Walker's detail and exactitude.... Others beside lawyers will look forward with great interest to the appearance of the second volume of Dr. Walker's history."

THE CAMBRIDGE GEOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

General Editor—F. H. H. GUILLEMARD, M.D., late Lecturer in Geography at the University of Cambridge.

OUTLINES OF MILITARY GEOGRAPHY. By T. MILLER MAGUIRE, LL.D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Lieutenant, Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers. Crown 8vo. with 27 Maps and Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., writes:—"A most useful and instructive book."
Pall Mall Gazette.—"We can strongly recommend Dr. Maguire's excellent treatise to our readers of all callings—sailor, soldier, or civilian."
Saturday Review.—"This book will well repay the perusal both of soldiers and civilians."
Bookman.—"A book for the strategist and for all interested in military matters. Seas and lands are considered with a view to their advantages for attack or defence. The point of view is interesting even to the civilian."

CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.—New Volumes.

General Editor for the Old Testament and Apocrypha—A. F. KIRKPATRICK, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew.

THE FIRST AND SECOND BOOKS OF CHRONICLES. Edited by the Rev. W. E. BARNES, D.D. 4s.

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. Edited by the Ven. T. T. PEROWNE, B.D., Archdeacon of Norwich. 3s.

London: C. J. CLAY and SONS, Cambridge University Press Warehouse, Ave Maria Lane.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & Co., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by FREDERICK DUNCAN WALKER, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 7 April, 1900.